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LIFE AND BATTLES OF JACK RANDALL,

DENOMINATED

THE PRIME IRISH LAD,

OTHERWISE

THE NONPVREIL.

From a work published in England in 1818, now first republished in this country in the columns of the New York Clipper.

Randall's Turn-up with Wood;

Or, Milling among the Tailors. A Gay Day for the Minor Lads of the Fancy.

Battersea Fields, oft the scene of many a rude combat, presented rather a *nouvelle* appearance on Monday, the 4th of October, 1819; and, instead of the usual feature of *Costermongers* and *Black Diamonds* embellishing these famed dominions of Old Caleb---thousands of *Knights of the Thimble* had taken an early flight from their shopboards, and, long before one o'clock, the above spot of ground was covered with Flints, Dungs, and Piece Workers, all in anxious expectation for the "Gala" to commence. It was a rare turn also for the Houses of Call, as the heavy wet moved off in such copious draughts, that the quart pots lost their *linings* in a twinkling; and not a Thimbleonian could start without being first *primed* with a "drop of max." There was some milling style and effect about the thing: a roped enclosure was made for the combatants to exhibit in, and the heroes of the tale, when the awful moment arrived for them to disrobe, threw up their beavers after the usual *chivalric* mode of defiance, and also shook hands. Tom Reynolds attended professionally upon Matthews; as did Bill Eales upon Slinkey Jem.

First round. Very cautious sparring for about half a minute;---indeed the term "cautious" was never more properly applied;---during which time the Thimbleonians looked at each other with the most teeth-like chattering agitation, till at length Matthews, after the manner of an intimidated youth on his first going into the water, that makes a sudden plunge to get out his misery, rushed in upon his opponent with a right-handed hit, which was returned upon him so hard, that it not only drew the claret copiously from his snuff-taker, but he was cut down like a cabbage. Matthews, on feeling the pink trickling down his mug, put up his finger to ascertain the alarming fact, when, on witnessing its color, he assumed such a ghastly look, accompanied with such marks of horror, that it was observed by an amateur, it would have been a new idea for the climax of Keene's Sir Edward Mortimer!

Second. Matthews rushed forward in a furious state; but his opponent measured him to the eight of an inch, and gave him such a quilter, that spoiled him from attempting any more stitches in that round, and he was not displeased to find himself on the grass free from milling.

Third. Had Matthews have possessed a thimble full of pluck, he must have won it, as his opponent would have retreated into a mouse-hole to have got out of the way of a hit. Matthews could have placed his blows with certainty, if he had not been so careful of his "precious self!" But this caricature on milling must be ended. Matthews, on receiving a sharp tap on his bruised snuff-taker, swore "he would not be killed for anybody!" and resigned the contest. "Curs, Curs!" was now currently vociferated.

Another battle, for five guineas a side, soon took place, also between "two of the same fraternity." But the contest was *strikingly* different. It was a most manly fight, and more real courage was never witnessed. The loser was a game man,---indeed, he fought till both his ogles were completely sewed up, and he was taken away against his will, as he would not say---*No!*

Thus far the sports before dinner. After the cloth was removed, at the Red House, Battersea, a purse of five guineas was made up by some amateurs, who witnessed the above fun, to have a regular mill. Towelling Black George, always ready for a brush, offered himself for a sweetener; and Bill Matthews, a book-binder, an "ould Garden lad," who was out "Saint Mondaying" of it, and felt anxious for a shy, in order to replenish an empty "*clie to let*" with some *blunt*, thought he could give Massa a better *binding* than he had ever yet had, when the fight commenced. Randall and West Country Dick seconded the latter; and Oliver and Jem Wood looked after George; and the highest amateur in the Fancy held the watch. It was a rumbling tumbling concern, but Massa had rather the best of it; yet the gameness of the binder kept the battle in suspense till "the Darkey" prevented any conquest taking place. A draw was the result, much to the dissatisfaction of Blackey; and the money was divided between them.

During the above battle, a curious scene ensued;---Wood, it appears, was severely chaffing Randall for his interference, when the Nonpareil, who had been dining with a Swell, and was rather lushy, felt not disposed to be lectured by a tailor, and gave Wood a slight touch for his impertinence. This circumstance, however, is a disputed point, as Randall insists Wood gave him the first blow. Be that as it may, the soul of the tailor could not brook the insult, and he instantly tore off his clothes, as did Randall, and both went to work *sans ceremonie*. It was singular to witness in one ring---the Black and the Binder hard at it; and Randall and Wood in another part milling. The following is a sketch of the performances:---

First round. The hero of the shopboard took measure of Jack in such quick time, and went on with his work so hard and fast, that the Nonpareil came in most unexpectedly for a ground suit. Upon Randall's being floored, the steel-bar fraternity were as much up in the stirrups, as when a sudden general mourning comes among them. They chevied with delight; and most attentively viewed the second round.

Second. Randall was now groggy, or, as a sailor terms it, three sheets in the wind. The man of cloth was as dexterous as a cutter-out, and he sewed up Jack so sharply, that he again measured his length on the ground. This success over the prime Irish lad gave a sort of lunatic joy to the body of snips,—indeed, so much so, that if Wood had been ultimately the conqueror, it was thought their houses of call would have been opened gratuitously for a week.

Third. Instead of Wood proving only the ninth part of a man, according to the old chaunt, his goodness was so great (while he had it all his own way), that he was more like eighteen snips combined together, to accomplish a certain object. "Go it, Jemmy," was the cry; "leave not a remnant of his greatness untouched." Wood, it is true, again commenced well; but Jack was just awaking from his lushy stupor; "Halloa!" says the Nonpareil, "I must be a bit with you, musn't I?" and a hard rally was the result. Heavy blows were given and received on both sides, till Randall put in one of his surprisers upon the knowledge box of the Flint, that gave it the roly-poly touch of a ball in a bumple-puppy ground. All the buckram of the knight of the timble was not strong enough to keep his pins steady, and he went down, to the great mortification of his fraternity, who looked a little blue at this change their hero had met with.

Fourth. Wood had now nearly used up all his thread; while, on the contrary, Jack had "just struck a light," and not only found himself once more in the field of glory, contending for his high pugilistic fame, but, owing to too intimate an acquaintance with Mr. *Lushington*, in danger of surrendering his laurels to "a Tailor?" "Perish the thought!" observed Randall, and immediately commenced his shower of hail-stones upon the nob of his opponent, that Wood, from their rapid succession, thought five or six persons had been hitting him, and immediately ran up to the umpire, claiming his protection, and declaring he had been "unfairly" dealt with. Randall ran after his man, and, with a *coup de gracc*, now finished him. The above shower of hits, whose destination upon Snip's nob had told so tremendously, not only convinced Wood, but the spectators, that Randall, at all times, is nothing else than a dangerous customer. The fight was all out of Wood in an instant after this tempest, and, in the terror of the moment, he lustily roared out "Murder!" and most piteously placed himself under the wing of the umpire for safety, who smilingly told Wood the contest was at an end. A small group of the Thimbleonians now went strutting up to the umpire, and told him he had not conducted himself like a *gemman*. The umpire's "pointed arm," without any hesitation, soon disposed of this lot, after the manner of an auctioneer. West Country Dick, from an attack made upon his person, was compelled to make his way, like a mower, through a host of dungs; and Tom Reynolds also, in his own defence, was necessitated to lend a hand in cutting down more of the cabbages. One of the "needle squad," who had taken too much "Perry," felt so alarmed on reaching the ground, that he literally crawled on all fours out of the ring.

Few, if any, of the amateurs differ in opinion, when the argument is concerning a milling cove commencing publican. The landlord must drink with his friends, or else he is a churl; and the spoony part of society too often bore a milling publican to drink at their expense, when they would not drop a farthing to save a seedy kid from choking with thirst Thus it is, that a fighting man, in his capacity of landlord, must, almost inevitably, become a waste-butt for the Fancy, and gives the chance away of two points out of three against himself, should he again enter the prize-ring. Names need not be mentioned to decide this point; but a recent living instance presents itself, who, before he commenced blue ruin caterer, was the terror and conqueror of all his opponents; but in serving others plentifully with this precious liquid, he served himself so often and copiously, that he first lost his fame, next his house, and every fight since; and his last pugilistic essay, from intemperance, brought down upon him contempt and disgust. Yet this cove, in his day, was the idol of the ring, and many swells thought it no degradation, (perhaps another term might be more appropriate, honored) with his company in their barouche, to see a mill—but the scene is now changed, and he may toddle down the best way he can, or stay away altogether, and he is not missed. Facts, Bob Gregoon says, are stubborn things; and these related are stubborn facts. They are not raked up here as a reproach; but they are brought forward as a friendly hint to those whom it may concern. As the "milling tailors" have given rise to this subject, we may be pardoned for repeating the old adage, that a "stitch in time saves nine!" Let this suffice, then. Randall, by a manly challenge, which was not accepted, very properly took his LEAVE OF THE RING before he commenced publican.

The Nonpareil, however, did not come off scot free upon this occasion, and his mug (an unusual thing) gave evident proofs of punishment, and also one of his sparklers got a little damaged. It should be mentioned, that Wood was not a novice in milling matters, being a constant attendant at Oliver's house, in Westminster.

Such a day for the "minor coves" has not been witnessed for many years; and the Battersea gardeners were grinning at each other, "how very cheap the cabbages were disposed of that day!" And one of the Thimbleonians, in speaking of Randall, said, he was the greatest fibber he ever was in company with. "Well done, my honey," exclaimed a Paddy, recently imported, "I am glad to hear that you are after spakin the truth."

Randall, it seems, was now so popular in the Sporting World, that the manager of the Regency Theatre engaged him, at a good salary, to exhibit his milling acquirements in a pantomime at the above place of amusement. Turner was his friendly opponent upon this occasion. The treasury improved from their exertions; and, to use a sporting as well as a theatrical phrase upon the subject, it was the general opinion, that the manager had made a good hit. Suffice to say, that Randall and his friend were re-engaged for a limited number of nights, and their efforts were crowned with the loudest marks of public approbation.

The talents of the Nonpareil, it should seem, have proved of so striking a nature, that even the Literary World have outdone the Sporting Hemisphere, from that lively degree of anxiety several writers have shown of emulation and rivalry in exerting themselves to prevent the capabilities and triumphant fame acquired by Randall from sinking into obscurity.

RANDALL'S FAREWELL TO THE RING.

Farewell to the ring, where my claret-stain'd glory
Arose, and obscur'd the prime dons with my fame,
I abandon her now; but, Boxiana, thy story
Shall render quite fadeless the Nonpareil's name.
Oh, sad is the heart that can say, "The deuce take her,"
To Fame, when she's backing a blade of the fist;
But Turner I've clean'd out, and Martin the baker.
I'd very near put on the bankruptcy list.
Then blame me not kids, swells, or lads of the Fancy,
For opening a lush crib in Chancery Lane;
An appropriate spot 'tis, you doubtless all can see,
Since heads I have placed there, and let out again.
Farewell then, thou ring, whence I first drew my glory,
Farewell to Bill Gibbins—Tom Owen, farewell;
And when to green-horns you're telling some tight milling story,
Then think of Jack Randall, the prime Nonpareil.

RANDALL *served* OUT!—In February, 1819, the prime Irish lad, it appears, met with an ugly customer in the street, that not only spoilt his nose, but produced the claret profusely. The conduct of the chap alluded to was dastardly in the extreme. He called Randall on one side, under pretence of speaking to him, when he let fly at the Nonpareil, in this unguarded state, with his utmost strength, then took to his heels with all the fleetness of a race-horse, before any return could be given to him.

RANDALL AND SCROGGINS.---The latter little dread-nought hero, who has long fancied having a taste of Randall's quality, was matched for 100 guineas a side. The prime Irish boy was about to commence publican, but he was too polite not to accommodate the wish of Scroggins; and the following articles were immediately agreed to:---"Castle Tavern, June 22, 1819.---John Randall and John Scroggins agree to fight in a 24 feet ring, for 100 guineas a side. The fight to take place on the 31st of August. Ten guineas on each side are this day deposited in the hands of T. Belcher: the remaining 90 guineas a side to be made good, at the above place, on the 10th of July and 3d of August, in moieties, or the deposit to be forfeited. To be a fair stand-up fight; half minute time. The place of fighting to be left to Mr. Jackson; the umpires to be chosen on the ground by each party; and the men to be in the ring by one o'clock on the day mentioned." The odds instantly offered were two to one on Randall.

The above match, it seems, was made in a hasty manner, by an amateur, without any consultation upon the subject; in fact, Randall was not present. And, in consequence of the latter having put down a heavy deposit to commence publican, at the Hole in the Wall, Chancery Lane, the ten guineas were forfeited, by the amateur, to Scroggins.

In a twenty-four feet ring, a better General, or a more consummate tactician is not to be seen. Judgment and decision are to be witnessed in all his movements. His nob is screwed on properly---his ogles are like two experienced aides-de-camp ready to scour the enemy's lines on the slightest hint from the commanding-officer---his heart in the right place---his pins are after the manner of a well-disciplined charger, cool and collected, to take advantage in the most prompt style of the disorder of the scene before him---and his mind looking confidently forward to nothing else but VICTORY. In short, as a pugilist, he is a phenomenon—the NONPAREIL—and an OUT-AND-OUTER.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SPORTING EXTRAORDINARY.

A Country Prize Fight.

The vicinity of our village was yesterday morning the scene of a disgraceful fight between two men of the names of Dildo and Peters. There were but a few who knew anything of the affair, and the fight came off in the woods north of the village, near the Railroad, at 9 o'clock precisely. The combatants were accompanied by their seconds and a few spectators. "One who was there" gives us the following account of the fight:

First round. Combatants came up and squared off in good style; Peters made a pass at Dildo, but missed, and Dildo put in a stinger over Peters' eye, knocking him down.

Second round. Peters came up looking desperate, made a pass hitting Dildo a slight tap on the nose and a stiker over the eye, knocking him down a knock down each. Peters' friends claiming "first blood."

Third round. After several passes, with about equal advantage, and the execution, Dildo requested to rest a while, which was allowed, both being much exhausted.

Fourth round. Both came up to the "time," looking fresh. Dildo made a desperate pass, hitting Peters over the eye, knocking his knuckle out of joint. Peters returned the compliment by getting in one or two hard taps on Dildo's mug, when Dildo "owned up" beat. They were both considerably punished about the face.

The fight originated at a drunken row in a grocery, the evening previous—a very frequent occurrence of late, which the proper authorities ought to put a stop to, if they would preserve the good name of our village.—Plattsburg Republican, Dec. 24.

The English Ring.

From Bell's Life, Nov. 27.

FIGHTS TO COME.

Dec. 6.—Joe Smith and John Turner, £25 a side, London.

Dec. 6.—G. Robinson and J. Nowlan, £15 a side, over 30 but not above 50 miles from Liverpool and Manchester.

Jan. 10, 1854.—C. Gillingham and a Novice, unknown to the P. R., £25 a side, London.

HAZELTINE AND BROWN.—The whole of the money for this fight has been handed to Brown, and all bets must be paid accordingly. An action has, we believe, been entered against the stakeholder, by Mr. Moore, the backer of Hazeltine, but, whatever may be the result of that the bets will not be affected thereby. We are requested to state that the backers of Hazeltine have paid him for his colors, as they consider he was not beaten on his merits.

TYLER AND KEEFE.—The backers of these men, who fought such a game battle last week, have agreed to draw the stakes, and have presented each man with £25, as a reward for his gallantry.

M'NULTY AND HAWKES.—The match between these men has ended in smoke. M'Nulty came up to Birmingham on Wednesday, from the Potteries, on purpose to go on with the match; but, after a deal of time wasted, Hawkes would not agree to any terms unless M'Nulty gave £10 to fight at London. This M'Nulty at once refused to do. He says he is still open to fight Hawkes at 8st 12lbs., for £100 a side, and each bear his own expenses, and weigh the morning before fighting; or he will fight any other man on the same terms.

ROBSON OF WALSALL AND MORRIS ROBERTS OF BIRMINGHAM.—These men met at Greenhill's, the Victory Inn, Lichfield-street, Birmingham, on Monday last, to draw up articles to fight for £20 a side, but Dobson would not agree to any terms. Roberts, therefore, claimed the deposit, (£1 a side) down, which he received. Roberts is still open to make a match with Dobson, and, in order to meet his views, will fight him at 7st 12lbs., and weigh the morning of fighting, or at 7st 11lb., and weigh the morning before fighting. Roberts's money is ready at any sporting house in Birmingham.

JEFFREYS AND BUTCHER BILL.—A match has been made between Butcher Bill of Preston and John Jeffreys of Manchester to fight, for £12 a side; on the 13th of December, between home and home. We have received the first deposit of £2 a side.

NOWLAN AND ROBINSON.---We have received a further deposit for this match, from Mr. Minton, Two Cocks, Marble-street, Liverpool. The final deposit is to be made at Mr. Savage's, Hygeia-street, Liverpool, on the 29th inst., when the toss for choice of ground is to take place. The place of fighting is to be named at the house of Jem Molyneux, Great Charlotte-street, on the 1st December.

Dan Collins will fight Croft's Black or Patsey Daley, at catch weight; or Jim Parker, at 10st 4lb; or any 10st 2lb man, for £25 a side. Money ready at Mr. Park's, Rising Sun, Lair-street, Horselydown, on Tuesday night.

SMITH AND TURNER.----A further deposit of £1 a side was made for this match at Mr. Hearn's, the Golden Heart, Lamb-street, Spitalfields, on Tuesday last. The next is to be made at Joe Bowe's, Halifax Head, Princes-street, Whitechapel, on Tuesday next.

M'DERMOT AND CALLAGHAN.---These men must fight when their recognizances have expired, unless they previously agree to draw.

James (alias Topper) Brown of Leicester will fight either Hazeltine, or George Brown of London, for £25 or £50 a side, at 9st 4lb or 9st 6lb. The fight to come off three months after the first deposit. By sending articles to Brown, at the Higgler's Arms, St. John-street, and a deposit to our office, a match can be made.

GILLINGHAM AND A NOVICE.---We have received £2 10s a side, deposited for this fight, at Mr. Lockwook's, White Lion, Drury lane, on Wednesday last. The next is to be made at Jemmy Shaw's, Green's Head, Crown-court, Windmill-street, on Wednesday next.

Roger Coyne will fight Morpheus of Dudley, at 9st 12lb, from £10 to £20 a side. Money ready any night next week at Solid Coates's, Old Crown, Tower-street, Birmingham.

Tom Sayers will fight any 10st 7lb man in the world, for £100 or £200 a side. Money ready any time at Alec Keene's, Three Tuns, Moore-street, Soho.

Mr. Clarke of the Phœnix, Cirencester, will back the Wychwood Forester to fight any man, for £25 a side, at 10st 12lb.

From Bell's Life of Nov. 20.

BROWN AND HAZLETINE.—It will be recollected that the money for this affair was to have been given to George Brown, at Jemmy Shaw's, on Wednesday last. On the previous Monday, however, Mr. Moore, of the Old Rum Puncheon, on the part of Hazletine, served the stakeholder with a legal notice not to part with the stakes, as he impugned the referee's decision, and imputed corrupt motives to that individual. The stakes were consequently withheld. We have since made inquiries, which have satisfied us that however unintentional, the blow struck by Hazletine was unquestionably *foul*, and that therefore the decision of the referee was perfectly correct. We have, however, appointed to-morrow, at twelve o'clock precisely, for the men and their backers to meet at our office, when we request that the referee will also be present, and if on receiving his *ultimatum* in the presence of both parties we see nothing to alter our present opinion, we shall, on receiving a proper guarantee against legal consequences from the backers of Brown, hand him over the stakes. It is almost needless to say that the bets go with the battle money.

HAWKES AND M'NULTY.—At last a match has been made between these men to fight at 8st 12lb for £100 a side, to weigh the morning of fighting. Solid Coates, of Birmingham, has received a deposit of £1 a side, to be made into £10 a side on Wednesday next at Hawkes's, the Royal Oak, Wilten street, Garrison-lane, when the men will draw up articles and agree to stakeholder, &c. M'Nulty has taken up his quarters at Solid Coate's for a time. Hawkes also hopes that his real friends will rally round him on the present occasion.

GILLINGHAM AND A NOVICE.——A second deposit of £2 10s a side for this match was, we believe, posted at Ben Caunt's, Coach and Horses, St. Martin's Lane, on Wednesday last. The next deposit of a like amount is to be made at Mr. Lockwood's, White Lion, Drury-lane, on Wednesday next.

FATAL FIGHT BETWEEN DONNELLY AND GILL.—In our last we alluded to this battle, which came off near Liverpool, on Thursday week, and terminated in favor of Gill, after a hard fight of 35 minutes. The second of Donnelly, Nobby Clarke, having given in for him without his consent, at a time when it is alleged he had the best of the battle. We regret to add that the affair has since terminated fatally to Gill, who died on Sunday morning. It seems his lower jaw on the left side was fractured, his right eye was blackened, and his neck and face were much swollen and disfigured. He returned home apparently very ill and could take no food. His wife obtained an order from St. Anne's Dispensary, and a surgeon, Mr. G. Sumners, attended him on Friday. He however became worse, and Mr. Ackerly, surgeon, was called in. Everything that surgical skill could provide was done for him, but in vain. A coroner's inquest has been held, and a verdict of manslaughter returned against Frank Donnelly, and his aiders and abettors.

GEORGE CROCKETT will fight Jerry Noon for £100 a side, at 9st 7lb, and weigh the morning before fighting, but on no other terms. If this does not suit J. Noon, Crockett requests that he will in future leave him alone. Crockett will also fight Donnelly for £50 a side, at catch weight.

PADDOCK has left £10 with Jemmy Shaw to fight Orme, Poulson, Nobby Clarke, or Caunt's Big-un, the latter for £50, and all the others for £100 a side; to come off in the London district.

A FIGHT STOPPED.—It had been arranged that a "little mill" for a purse of £10, with gratuities added, should have come off in the neighborhood of Canterbury, on Tuesday last, between a local aspirant for fistic fame, named Bill Elliott (alias Boar Shields, a patronymic cognomen inherited from his sire, who was somewhat noted for his pugilistic attributes), and George Wood of London or elsewhere, lately making a Kentish tour as an itinerant cheese-merchant, wholesale and retail, and hence known as "Cheesey George." But the destiny of the affair having been entrusted to too many cooks, the particulars got wind, and tickled the ears and energies of the police authorities, who put a stop to the affair by apprehending the principals on the charge of contemplating the commission of a breach of the peace; and Tuesday, the day on which the fight was to have taken place, found them before the mayor and magistrates, "cheek by jowl in the dock," close cropped. They were committed to the sessions on the charge, with leave of bail, which Elliot succeeded in obtaining, but Wood, being a stranger, had no friends or good Samaritan among his backers, and consequently remains in durance at present, in the city gaol.

JOE HOLES (THE SPIDER) FOR THE LAST TIME.---Joe Hoiles will fight Tommy Smith of Cheltenham or Enoch Horridge of Manchester, catch weight, for from £50 to £500 a side, and if not accepted he will fight any other man in the world, for from £100 to £500, and give half a stone, which will enable his adversary to fight at 8st 4lb. A match can be secured by leaving a deposite and articles at our office.

Hawkes will not fight M'Nulty at 8st 12lb, but will fight him at 9st, and weigh the day of fighting. The battle to be for £100 a side, and to come off in four months; each party to pay his own expenses, and the place to be named by us a week before fighting. The match can be made by M'Nulty staking £10 in our hands, and forwarding articles to Hawkes at the Royal Oak, Witton-street, Birmingham,

Flesh of Dudley will fight Jem Parker of Westromwich for £25 a side, at 10st 10lb, Tranter of Wolverhampton, or Deighton of Bridgnorth, catch weight, for the like amount, or any man in England if he will allow half a stone, the fight to take place not sooner than three months The money will be ready at the Horse and Jocky Inn, Dudley.

Harry Orme hearing that Sayers wishes to fight him will make a match at catch weight, and stake £250, to £200, or 500 to 400. If Sayers declines he will fight the Tipton Slasher, if the latter will stake £300 to £200. A match can be made by sending articles and a deposit to our office.

Mr. Pegg, of the Stirting Castle, Leicester, has a novice who has only fought once for £5, whom he will back to fight Bob Smith of Stafford, for £25 a side, at 9st 4lb, or any novice who has not fought for more than £5, on the same terms.

Ned Donnelly will fight Jones of Portsmouth, for £200 a side at 9st 8lb or 9st 10lb. He can be heard of at Owen Swift's, Horses Shoe, Tichborne-street, Haymarket.---*Bell's Rife Dec.* 4.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

Anecdotes of Birds, Beasts, &c.

BY A SKETCHER.

HOW TO CATCH, COOK, AND EAT A LION.

Wonders will never cease! On approaching pretty near to the marshes, we discovered, to our infinite delight, a quantity of rain water, among the rushes, and were about dismounting, to partake of of it, when suddenly a large Puma, or South American lion, sprung from a rushy lair where he had been couched, and instantly fled across the plain. This somewhat startling appearance dispersed our thirst, or the sense of it, for the moment, and we turned our horses in pursuit of the fugitive. I have elsewhere described the extraordinary skill of the Gauchos with their lazo. On this occasion I had to witness a new instance of it in the Cordovese scout, who presently coming up with the lion, cast his lazo over its head in an instant, and brought it to the ground, almost choked by the running noose. On recovering himself a little the lion seemed disposed to turn on his assailants and defend himself; but, before he could rise, the lazo of the capataz was dexterously cast round his hinder legs, and the holder of it riding on, the lion stretched across the plain, by the tightened cords, without the power of moving! With the rapidity of lightning the Cordovese now dismounted, and the blood of the animal was the next instant gushing from beneath his knife. After satisfying our thirst, by returning to the marshy pool, the carcase of lion was dragged to the carts, where the skin was taken off, and the flesh cut into small pieces, roasted, and eaten within an hour of our first sight of the animal. The flesh, which I tasted, was very white, and resembling veal, but of a fleshy flavor but certainly it was much preferable to that of a newly-slain buck, which was roasted at the same time. The flesh of the lion is esteemed a great delicacy by the Gauchos, and consequently a feast on one is looked upon as a treat of no ordinary kind. The next day we arrived at Malinquecito, where a lioness with two cubs were taken—the mother was killed and eaten, and the two cubs were put into one of the carts, with the intention of conveying them alive to Buenos Ayres; but for want of proper food they soon died.

SINGULAR AFFECTION DISPLAYED BY A GREYHOUND.

Some time since, Mr. Smith's men, of Rose Cottage, near Ashburne, turned up a rabbit's nest with the plough, containing four young ones. Being too young to stand the least chance of surviving, in their exposed situation, they took them home as a treat for a greyhound bitch that was sucking a litter of six puppies. To their surprise, instead of greedily devouring the rabbits, as they expected, she carried them tenderly and carefully in her mouth to her nest, and seemed to consider them a most welcome addition to her family, bestowing upon them the same fondling carresses, and offering them a share of the same support which nature had furnished for her own offspring. This the poor rabbits did not refuse, and their appeared to be no doubt of their doing well. Unfortunately, however, they were doomed to suffer death from their young companions, though not exactly in the manner that greyhounds generally kill rabbits. One after another got overlaid by its rude and robust foster-brother and sister, and the poor mother, with evident reluctance and regret, saw them carried away, and did not part them, even when dead, without remonstrating against it as much as she durst.

LARK'S CLAWS.

"The Lark makes its nest generally in grass fields, where it is liable to be injured either by cattle grazing over it, or by the mower. In case of alarm, from either these or other causes, the parent birds remove their eggs, by means of their long claws, to a place of greater security; and this transportation I have observed to be effected in a very short space of time. By placing a lark's egg, which is rather large in proportion to the size of the bird, in the foot, and then drawing the claws over it, you will perceive that they are of sufficient length to secure the egg firmly; and by this means the bird is enabled to convey its eggs to another place, where she can sit upon and hatch them."

SAGACITY OF AN ELEPHANT.

"I was one day feeding the poor elephant (who was so barbarously put to death at Exeter Change) with potatoes, which he took out of my hand. One of them, a round one, fell on the floor, just out of the reach of his proboscis. He leaned against his wooden bar, put out his trunk, and could just touch the potato, but could not pick it up. After several ineffectual efforts, he at last blew the potato against the opposite wall with sufficient force to make it rebound; and he then, without difficulty, secured it."

BEES.

"A large brown slug made its way into a glass hive, where the operations of the bees could be distinctly seen. Having killed the slug, and finding that they were unable to get it out of the hive, they covered it over with the thick resinous substance called propolis, and thus prevented its becoming a nuisance to the colony. Into the same hive one of the common brown-shelled snails also gained admittance. Instead of embedding it in propolis, the bees contented themselves with fixing it to the bottom of the hive, by plastering the edge with that substance. I have now in my possession a regular fortification made of propolis, which one of my stocks of bees placed at the entrance of their hive, to enable them the better to protect themselves from the attacks of wasps. By means of this fortification, a few bees could effectually guard the entrance, by lessening the space of admission, which I had neglected to do for them."

AQUATIC HEN.

"A hen, who had reared three broods of ducks in three successive years, became habituated to their taking to the water, and would fly to a large stone in the middle of the pond, and patiently and quietly watch her brood as they swam about it. The fourth year she hatched her own eggs; and, finding that her chickens did not take to the water as the ducklings had done, she flew to the stone in the pond, and called them to her with the utmost eagerness. This recollection of the habits of her former charge, though it had taken place a year before, is not a little curious."

Life and Battles
IN THE
PRIZE RING
OF
YANKEE SULLIVAN.

Arranged and Compiled from various authorities, expressly for

The New York Clipper.

BY THE EDITOR

The result of the battle with Hammer Lane, while it gave great satisfaction to those who had sported their money on Sullivan, did not, however, gain him many friends, for it was the confident opinion of those well qualified to judge, but for the accident by which Lane's arm had been rendered useless, Sullivan would have been defeated. This was merely opinion, however. Be this as it may, the friends of Lane were decidedly "down on Sullivan," and plainly made it manifest in more than one way, and on more than one occasion. The manner in which Sullivan endeavored to inflict additional punishment upon Lane's disabled arm was strongly commented on, and it was thought that some fresh disturbance might originate from the agitation of the snbject, and, by the advice of some friends, Sullivan determined to leave the country, and for this purpose made all the arrangements necessary for his departure. Early in the spring of 1841, Sullivan bid adieu to the land of his birth, to that green isle where he had sported in boyhood's days, and to part from which caused him many a bitter pang. After a long passage Sullivan reached this city, and at once went to work to look up some little habitation where he might establish himself in business. He was not long idle, having rented an old-fashioned house in Division street, where he, at once entered upon the duties of publican, and as his battle with Hamner Lane had rendered his name familiar to the sporting world, he soon succeeded in drawing plenty of customers to the "Sawdust House," as his tavern was styled, and also in filling his till with a plentiful sprinkling of the "almighty dollar." His house became the resort of the pugilistic fraternity, and everything seemed to work "fair and square." His countrymen, who looked upon him as a bright sample of the Emerald Isle, were in extacies on account of his defeat of the great Hammer Lane. Some of the more enthusiastic admirers of the "Yankee," as he was styled in England, after the battle with Lane, would get together of a Saturday night, in a back room of the Sawdust House, and over their well filled glasses, would sing and talk of the exploits of the daring Sullivan, who couldn't be defeated.

It could not be expected that where there were such nightly assemblages of all classes of sporting gentry, that unity and goodwill would be always predominant. Many little quarrels had already taken place, though nothing of any great moment had as yet startled the world from its usual quiet. However, a storm was brewing; the friends of Sullivan, anxious to show their readiness to back their gallant countryman, seemed more anxious to get up a fight between Sullivan and somebody else, they did'nt care who, than Sullivan did himself, who quietly attended to the wants of the "gentlemen at the bar," and by so doing attended to the wants of the "gentleman behind the bar," for the silver rolled into his hands with the least trouble in the world. Probably Sullivan would have preferred this mode of doing business, but as his friends wished to "bring him out," and show the Yankees what the Irish lad could do, he at last made a match with an Englishman named Vince Hammond. Hammond, we believe, resided at Philadelphia, and he having won the choice of ground, selected a spot of ground on League Island, about 10 miles south of Philadelphia, on which to fight the battle. The match was made for $100 a side. The friends of each rallied for their particular man, and betting was quite lively, a considerable sum of money being sported on the "event." Although Hammond had his own ground to fight on, yet the backers and friends of Sullivan were "all alive," and on the morning of the 2nd of September, 1844, the lower part of Philadelphia presented a bustling appearance, as different parties could be seen wending their way to the scene of battle. The ring had been formed upon a level piece of ground, and every thing promised fair for a "tip top fight." As the men entered the inner ring, and stood eyeing each other like a couple of "game cocks," it appeared a difficult matter to undertake to say, from appearances, how the contest would end. Betting was about even, though the friends of Hammond, in some instances, would give odds for the purpose of getting a bet. There was much betting as to who would succeed in bringing "first blood." Sullivan had advised his friends to bet all the money they could raise on his winning this point, and this coming to the ear of Hammond, he determined, if possible, to circumvent the wily Irishman, and gain the advantage himself. Thus the bets offered by Sullivan's friends on first blood were cheerfully taken up by his opponents.

Thus matters stood when the men walked to the scratch at the call of time, and began

THE FIGHT.

Sullivan had been well taken care of and looked for all the world as if he had been purposely cut out for a fighting man. Hammond was not exactly in as good trim as his friends desired he should be, nevertheless it was thought he would be able to give a good account of himself. On the men getting to the scratch, Hammond immediately went to work, and sent in his right, which reached the Yankee's upper lip, the blow just being hard enough to cut the inner skin, and send the blood trickling down his teeth. Having the interest of his backers at heart, and wishing to save them the large sums bet on his winning "first blood," he instantly clenched tight his lips and drew the blood in ere it was perceived by the friends of his opponent. Then with the rapidity of lightning he let fly at Hammond catching him a tremendous cut, splitting open his cheek, and drawing an abundance of the ruby liquid. The strength of the blow sent Hammond reeling, and as he staggered back, Sullivan, clapping his hands in delight, cried out "first blood," and then retired to his corner in the best of humor. It is enough to say that Sullivan, after the first round, had the fight all his own way, as he was enabled to hit Hammond as he pleased, without receiving the least punishment in return. Hammond's face was literally cut in gashes, the blood running from the wounds in all directions, and dying not only his own, but also the body of Sullivan. Hammond was nothing in the hands of Sullivan, as after fighting but eight rounds, occupying only ten minutes, Sullivan was declared the victor. Sullivan proved himself a clever tactician in this battle, and also gave evidence that he was not wanting in cunning, as the little incident narrated above testified.

The defeat of Hammond caused a great glorification among the friends of Yankee and Country McCleester, a firm friend of Sullivan, wishing to have a "finger in the pie," caught a fight with Hyer, in which he, Mc Cleester, was defeated. This rather elated the American portion of the pugilistic fraternity, and as Hyer was thought to be the one most likely to take down Sullivan, a match was talked of by the two. As Hyer would fight for nothing less than $3000 aside, Sullivan's friends were obliged to "drop the subject," inasmuch as this sum was rather beyond their means. However, willing that Sullivan should have another dash in the magic circle, a man named Secor was produced by the opponents of Sullivan and though a formidable looking man, Sullivan accepted the banter, and a match was made for Secor and Sullivan to fight, on the 22d of January, 1842, Thus the two factions were satisfied for the time, and betting commenced on the result in good earnest. Secor being a heavy man, it was thought that Sullivan would meet with a defeat, but he had his own thoughts on the subject, and went into active training for the fight. The following full and authentic report of the battle is taken from the Sporting Chronicle of that state:

GREAT FIGHT BETWEEN YANKEE SULLIVAN AND THOMAS SECOR, ON SATURDAY THE 24th JANUARY, 1842, AT STATEN ISLAND.

We rose at an early hour on Saturday morning to embark to see the long talked of fight between the renowned Yankee Sullivan and Thomas Secor. On sallying forth, we found the sky slightly flecked here and there with light feathery clouds, and a soft south-westerly breeze breathing a moderate and bracing freshness through the atmosphere.

At half-past 8 o'clock we started in the Boston, steamer, preceeded by the Citizen (Secor's boat), the Star (Sullivan's boat), and the steamer Dream, and were followed by the steamer Wave. Thousands who were disappointed in getting aboard, lined the wharves and ran in crowds up and down the river side. The order of the day was, that all the boats should follow Sullivan's, who was to select the ground. There appeared, however, to be some indecision in regard to the matter, for after arriving opposite the heights of eternal Neversink, the champion's boat backed irresolutely to and fro for some time, and kept the others playing about like attendant dolphins. At length it was resolved to land at a wharf on Staten Island about 1-2 a mile north of old fort Tompkins, and at a 1 4 to 11 A. M. the whole party disembarked. The singular multitude streamed in one long unbroken line along the heights towards the south, some bearing huge stakes, others ropes, and two or three a pickaxe, terrifying the simple inhabitants of the neighborhood with the savage irruption, and spreading even an uncertain alarm among the blue coated U. S. gentry from the fort, who came running in crowds to look on the strange array.

The spot pitched upon was upon the beautiful grounds of Mr. Aspinwall of this city, within a few hundred yards of the light house at the "Narrows," and about half a mile from fort Tompkins. There were about 2,000 spectators of all classes and descriptions on the ground. At 3-4 to 12 the stakes were driven and two rings formed, the inner one twenty-four feet square for the combatants and their seconds, and the outer one, very large, so as to afford a convenient circle for the large number on the ground. The spot was peculiarly adapted to the business in hand, as it lay at the foot of an abrupt slope of two or three hundred yards, which afforded a capital stand for the lookers on, and the close shaven sod was rendered soft and elastic by the action of a bright and beautiful sun.

While the preparations were going on, Sullivan walked about among the crowd, surveyed the arrangements with a cheerful and accustomed eye, and bantered several of his opponents with a bet of fifty to thirty-five dollars upon himself. At twenty minutes to 12, every thing being ready, the men commenced to peel. Five minutes afterward they entered the Ring, and confronted each other, stripped to the buff above the middle, while their nether array consisted of the professional corduroys and hose. Sullivan was the first to enter, his tile had been previously cast in by his second McClusky, and Secor's hat followed by the hands of Vanderzee. Previous to confronting each other, Sullivan nailed his color—a shred of black muslin—to one of the stakes, and Vanderzee addressing himself to the assemblage remarked, that his principal wanted nothing but "a fair and honest thing."

THE MEN.

When the men confronted each other, the superiority of Secor's size was very apparent, though to practised eyes he was plainly too fine. His flesh had a healthful ruddy glow, and the only fault of his condition was that there was a little too much of it. Of his physical proportions, we have spoken elsewhere, so need not recapitulate them in detail. We have but to repeat that he is defective in the chest, which is rather flat, and his shoulders incline to be round. In short he is by no means such a man as we should select as calculated to become celebrated in the prize ring, though sooth to say he is a man of great physical strength, strength however which is encumbered and embarrassed by other points that form no part of the necessary *tout ensemble* of a gladiator.

Sullivan, on the other hand, with a single physical exception, may be said to be the very model of a man of his weight and size. In height he is 5 feet 10 inches, his frame is round, his limbs muscular and clean with the exception of a slight infliction of his knees. His head is small and round, and has the appearance of being bone, features and all, from the boldness of its angles, the remarkable closeness of the skin, and the apparent impenetrability of its texture. His flesh was clear, what he had of it, and clung with peculiar tenacity to his body. We do not know his exact weight, but believe the difference between him and his antagonist to be about 23lbs.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1st.—At 15 minutes to 12, after the principals and seconds had shaken hands, all together, across each other's arms, the two combatants came merrily up to the scratch. Sullivan gathered himself up in his peculiar style, like a tiger preparing himself for a spring, and Secor brandished his arms warily up and down, while he at the same time eyed his antagonist with an intense and determined gaze. Secor led off with his right, which was followed by Sullivan as quick as lightning upon his antagonist's nose; Sullivan then went to the ground to avoid there turn. (Cries of "First blood for Sullivan!" and "he went down without a blow!")

Round 2d.—Both right to work. Sully stopped, and returned a slinging smack on the nose, starting the blood again; answered by Secor with a Paixhan shot on the nob, which knocked Sullivan out stiff, and he fell clear to the ground on his back, When he was carried to his corner by his seconds, he pointed tauntingly at Secor's nose, and made faces at him.

Round 3d.—At it sharp again. Sullivan led off upon the mouth, cutting it again, and as Secor followed up, he planted, in his retreat, two more in the same place and then went down to avoid the return, laughing from the ground in Secor's face, who unwillingly had to turn away without touching him on the ground. This system of mocking and pointing the finger at his antagonist was pursued by Sullivan from the start, for the purpose of exasperating him and throwing him off his guard, and was in a slight measure successful. We cannot suppose it practised for any other purpose, as Secor was by no means an enemy to excite any man's contempt.

Round 4th.—Yankee led off again upon his old spot, on the nose, as true as a trivet and sharp as a knife, following it up, in his retreat; then seeing trouble coming, he slipped away from it like a shadow and laughed in his baffled oppouent's face.

Round 5th.—Both came up briskly; Secor made a feint and Sullivan went to the ground without a blow. (Murmurs of dissatisfaction from Secor's friends and a laugh from Sullivan.)

Round 6th.—Sullivan commenced in good earnest, planted three successive blows in Secor's face, one on either eye, and one on the old spot, starting the claret again in streams; he then dropped away from the return, and went to his corner laughing contemptuously again.

Round 7th.—Secor caught it again on the mug, and ere he could reply, Sullivan took to the ground.

Round 8th.—Secor came up fierce and went right to work. He let fly with his left, caught Yankee on his collar bone, turned him half way round, and followed with his right on the shoulder blade with such force as to cause an abrasion of the skin and make a noise resembling a pistol crack. Sully returned, but did not get home, and Secor caught him on the frontal bone and sent him to the grounnd.

Round 9th.—Yankee stopped, let fly with his left, caught Secor on the nose in the old place, and went down laughing to avoid the return.

Round 10th.—Sullivan bled his man this time the same way, and went down laughing again.

Round 11th.—Secor led off, was stopped, caught a return blow on his gory nose that sent the claret flying in a spray and widened the cleft already made. Secor rushed in, closed and threw his man, falling on him. Sullivan went to his corner laughing at him.

Round 12th.—Sullivan led off in earnest, planting blow after blow in his opponent's face. Secor, made wild by his punishment, returned at random and Sullivan went down laughing.

Round 13th.—A rally and Secor nearly thrown over the ropes.

Round 14th.—A rally, a close and Sully down.

Round 15th.—Sharp counter hits, a rally, Sullivan driven to the ropes and half pressed through them by Secor, who fell upon him. Sully returned to his corner laughing as before.

Round 16th.—Sullivan sent the claret from Secors's nose into fine spray again by a stinging smack; Secor rushed in and closed, but Sullivan turned him and Secor went to the ground.

Round 17th.—Smart exchanges, a close, a rally and both down.

*Round 18th.*Secor hit out right and left, a rally, Sully driven to the ropes, a clinch, a short struggle, ineffective exchanges and Sullivan nearly pressed through the ropes.

Round 19th.—A sharp rally, a close and both down.

Round 20th.—Both commenced earnestly; counter hit, a rally, a close and Sullivan pressed to the ropes, when Secor fell yver him bodily.

Round 21st,—A rally, Secor caught it sharply on his snuff box again, painting the fist of his antagonist; close and Sullivan went down leaving Secor dreadful jobbed.

Round 22d.—Sullivan let fly with his left three times with terrific effect, completely distracting his enemy, who rushed at him with open hands and arms; Sullivan admonisher him once more of his carelessness by a sharp cutting blow and went to the ground laughing at him.

Round 23d.—Secor a little shy, let fly with his right, was stopped and caught it in return on his snuff taker, the blood jetting out into spray from the force of the blow, in all directions; Secor rushed in, clinched and pressed his man to the ropes and fell on him.

Round 24th.—Secor's eyes were now both cushioned and variegated with their frequent visitations; his face was covered all over with the blood which at the end of every round streamed profusely from his nose. He came up this time with a stupid and dogged determination; led off, struck gild and wild, caught an admonisher in the old place in consequence, and Yankee went down out of the way of an ugly blow.

It was now apparent to every body that Secor with his bold, straight torward mode of fighting, could not contend successfully with eis wily and active adversary. Blow after blow came raining in upon him, drawing blood at every visitation, and when he would have returned the complement, his antagonist slipped away from him like a shadow, and his blow, wasted in the air, had no other effecs rhan that of straining him and pitching him forward over his tormentor. Sullivan went down.

Round 25th.—Secor came up groggy; both his eyes were half shut and the blood clotted hts nose aad chin, and covered his face. He went in with good will, was punished in the old place and

Round 26th.—Secor went on wild, with open arms and hands, struck out and fell without a blow. (Cries of "he's gone! The fight is over! &c."

Round 27th.—Sullivan merry, smart counter hits, a close and Sullivan was thrown, Secor falling heavily on him.

Round 28th.—Secor went in well, got a heavy blow and closed, Sullivan whirled him round and threw him.

Round 29th.—Secor much fatigued and Snllivan fresh, fierce exchanges, a rally and Secor carried Sullivan half over the ropes, falling on him and trying by his weight to force him outside.

Round 30th.—Sullivan jobbed this man dreadfully, Secor returned wildly. Notwithstanding his severe punishment, he followed his tormentor all round the ring, smiling at him through his blood. A rally and Sullivan thrown half over the ropes on his back, Seco on top of him jobbing him in the face.

Round 31st.—Smart exchanges, Secor wild and streaming with blood; he rallied, drove Sullivan to the ropes, who dropped away from a heavy blow and laughed in his face; Secor's eyes nearly closed.

Round 32d.—Sullivan got in two in his old place, a close and Secor fell heavily upon him.

Round 33d.—Secor caught it again ane Sullivan dropped.

Round 34th.—Another stinging smack on Secor's nose; Sullivan dropped and Secor in bitter disappointment stood stupidly gazing at him.

Round 35th.—Alter receiving two severe ctts in the face, Secor rallied, pressed Sullivan to the ropes, where clinch took place and Secor lifted him half over they then mutually jobbed each other very seaerely for some minutes, during which, amid cries of "Secor's got him at last, give it to him Secor! &c." the ring was broken in. After order was restored, the two combatants went at it again with renewed vigor and determination. From this to the fiftieth round, followed a succession of rounds, during which Secor came up with a dogged obstinacy, received two or three terrific cuts in the face, followed, closed and pressod his man to the ropes, falling in one or two instances, heavily npon him.

Round 51st.—A rally, a close, Secor broke among and gave the upper cut, another close and Sullivan down.

Round 52d.—Wild exchanges, Secor stopped, let fly with his right, caught Sullivan on the ear and struck him down.

Round 53d.—After throwing in two slingers on the neb and nose Sullivan went down.

Round 54th.—Secor caught a severe body blow, returned it lightly and Yankee went down.

Round 55th.—A close and Sullivan down.

Round 56th.—Secor more and more hopeless, a close and Sullivan down.

Round 57th.—Secor very groggy, struck wild, and caught it very bad in return, Sullivan down at the ropes.

Round 58th.—Secor freshening a little, ullivan down at the ropes.

Round 59th.—Secor, though stupid and groggy with punishment, came up well, caught a severe neck blow followed by another on the chin, mutual hits and both down.

Round 60th.—Shar counters, both down, Sulliaan under.

Round 61st.—Secor coming up slow but willingly. A rally, and Secor down at the ropes.

Roumd 62d.—Secor caught it again on the nob, rallied and carried his man down at the ropes.

Round 63d.—Secor falling fast, got lobbed badly right and left, and went down hopelessly with the upper cit.

Round 64th.—Sharp work, Secor suffering, went down with a tremendous body blow.

Round 65th.—Secor was now hopelessly weak, with good hehrt, however, he staggered up to his man and recered his punishment with dogged game. More than this cannot be said. It was mere cruelty to suffer him to go in anymore, and he was unly allowed to do so it his owu urgent entreaties; In this round he came up readily and free, but after blow in the face, Sullivan put down his arms as if dealing with a child. Another blow carried him down.

Sullivan now came forward, and offered his hand to Secor, advised that he should be withdrawn as it was now absolute butchery to strike him. Secotook his handsbut refused his advice.

Round 66th.—Sullivan gat in three severe cuts and Secor fell heavily to the ground.

Round 67th.—Time was called. Secor was ready, but his seconds refused to allow him to enter. He begged for few more trials, but at length suffered himself to be refused. Sullivan was dcared the victor amid the acclamations of his friends. All hands then pulled up stakes and made tracks for the boats.

This fight bears its own comment. The whole description may be summed up by saying that Secor stood up and took his whipping like a man. With his adequate science and superior size, he liked like a giant suffering the inflictions of the malicious spirit, impalpable to his attcks. The mode of fighting adopted by Sullivan has been much descanted on in England and lately here. It is in just discrete, and though not ruled "foul" by, rulations of the prize ring, it is not consired "fair" by any of the Fancy. The actice was introduced by the Wards inngland, and practised particularly by Nof that name. Caunt had to endure in his fights with the latter, and Brasseyas beaten by Tass Parker, a much lier man, last summer, in the same way. he reporter of that contest speaks with at indignation of the "dropping system, nd denounces it as unfair under any cimstances. We cannot say that we ak Sullivan has gained auy credit in thisievement. We always thought him ast rate man of his weight, and our opinis still the same.

Sullivan was seconded by Country Clusky and Willian Ford.

Secor, by A. Vanderzee and Speights.

The former left the ground quite fi, while hie antagonist was in a most pble situation. Most of his injuries, ever, are in his face, which is dreadly swollen, and his nose is literally spli two.

Sullivan, though he displayed no hurts of consequence in the face, yet received some severo injuries on his body, from the effects of which he must suffer not a little.

Time—One hour and five minutes.

California Shoulder Hitters.

The following *curious* account of a prize fight in California, is from a correspondent of the Sacramento Union, writing from Georgetown under date of Nov. 27th. Here is the report.

Another Prize Fight.

RICHARD SHAW AND ALLEN M'CLOUD—PRIZE, $2,000—SHAW THE WINNER.

This day being the time appointed for the prize fight to come off between Allen McCloud and Richard Shaw, for $2,000, our little village was much crowded with the fancy from all parts of the State; and although the rain fell in torrents all day, it was clear that the fight would come off, rain or shine. Consequently, at two o'clock, P. M., (the time appointed,) the crowd collected at a fine spot about half a mile from town, which was selected for the grand milling match to come off. A referee was chosen, and at about half past two o'clock, everything being in readiness, McCloud made his appearance in the ring, threw up his cap, and was received with great cheering. Shaw entered his corner, and both dressed to fight. Both men looked well, and if either, Shaw looked in the best condition. McCloud's color was the Scotch plaid, and Shaw's the "stars and stripes." At the call, both men came up to the scratch, shook hands, and retired to their respective corners, and waited the word to begin.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Both men came lively to the scratch, showing much vigor. McCloud leading out with his right on Shaw's left eye. Rally, clinch, and Shaw down.

2. Both came up, Shaw wary; heavy body hitting by Mac. Rally, clinch, and Shaw down.

3. This time Shaw came to the scrarch well. McCloud leading off with body blow with his left; heavy counter by Shaw, guarded by Mac. McCloud clenched and Shaw down.

4. Both came up warily. McCloud led off with his left, and a body blow foled by two on Dick's left eye. Rally, clinch and Shaw down.

5. Both came to the scratch prettily. Feint by Mac's left, sending in his right on Dick's left ear; first blood for Mc Cloud. Rally, clinch and Shaw down.

6. Both came up fresh. Shaw led off with his right on Mac's face. Clinch and Dick down.

7. Both to the scratch well; body blow by Mac's right, guarded by Dick; counter by Mac's right for Shaw's temple, guarded by Shaw's left; when McCloud put in a stinger on Shaw's left ear; wild striking by Shaw. Rally, clinch and both down, Shaw under.

8. Both to the scratch warily. Shaw led off with left at Mac's face, guarded by McCloud. Rally, and Dick down at the ropes.

9. McCloud led off with a heavy blow with his left, sending it in. Rally, and Dick down.

10. Both came up well. Shaw led off a body blow, guarded by Mac; wild hitting on both sides, Mac getting in a blow on Shaw's left ear. Rally, clinch, Dick down.

11. Mac led off with his left a heavy body blow; heavy counter blows on both sides, followed by wild striking by both; Shaw drove to his corner. Rally, clinch, Dick down.

12. McCloud led off his left on Shaw's face; countered by Shaw and guarded by Mac, who then got in a stinger on Shaw's left eye; second blood for McCloud; rally, clinch, and Shaw down.

13. Both came to the work well; led off by Shaw's left on McCloud's right eye; Shaw backed to his corner; rally, clinch, and Shaw down.

14. Both a little fatigued. Up to this time Shaw fought in his own corner. This round was led off by McCloud, planting a heavy body blow with his right, sending another in with his left on Shaw's face; rally, clinch, and Shaw down.

15. Both came up well; McCloud sent in a body blow outside Shaw's left guard, and another with his left, slipped and fell.

16. Both came up much fatigued; wild striking on both sides; clinch, and Shaw down.

17. Both up warily, McCloud much fatigued; Shaw led off a blow on Mac's body; Mac down, and was carried off.

18. Both came up very faint, Shaw led off a body blow with his right; Mac down.

19. This time McCloud came up freshest; commenced by leading off a heavy body blow, which was guarded by Dick, who sent in his left on McCloud's ear; clinch, and Mac down.

20th and last. Time called; McCloud's seconds brought him forward, but when let go he staggered, fell, and could not come to time. Shaw was carried to his corner by his seconds, who, with the judges, declared him victor.

Death of Canada, the Indian Pedestrian.

From the Galena Advertiser.

CATTARAUGUS RESERVATION,
ERIE Co., Monday, Dec. 5, 1853.

The great pedestrian, CANADA, is no more. The Great Spirit has taken him to himself, and ere this his fathers have welcomed him to the fair hunting grounds.

CANADA was taken sick only a few days since with a fever that the pale faces who worked on the railroads, brought over from across the great waters; and while he was in a delirium, he got out of his bed, took off his clothes, and ran into the woods. This occurred on Saturday night of last week; it was dark and cold; a search was made for him, but he could not be found until the next day. When found he was entirely insensible and stiffened with cold; it was thought then life was extinct, but when taken into the house, and the body warmed, he showed signs of life. He thus lingered till night, when the messenger of the Great Spirit took him.

CANADA was proud of his nationality, and when he heard that the pale face who outran STEEPROCK of Tonowanda, was coming to try the Indians of Cattaraugus, he said that he would "repolish the Indian reputation, which STEEPROCK had tarnished; that the great Spirit never made pale face to outrun red man."

The records of Sporting Intelligence can only tell how well he redeemed his pledge. It was through him that the Western Hemisphere had the reputation of having the "fastest man" in the world.

CANADA leaves an aged mother and a family of small children, his wife having died during the last Summer.

Yours truly, IROQUOIS.

Our Greeting.

To each and every member of this "Universal Yankee Nation," we wish a prosperous and a "Happy New Year."

THE RING IN NEW YORK.

CHALLENGE FROM HARRY GRIBBIN.

A CHANCE FOR 150lb MEN.

The following letter was handed us for publication, on Tuesday last. The challenge may be depended on as genuine.

New York, Dec. 27, '53.

MR. EDITOR---Having been out of the city for some time, and having, before my departure, offered to fight any man in the State of New York for $500, without receiving any answer, and having, since my return, understood that several have offered to fight, one called Greenpoint Jim challenging any man of 10 stone 7lbs. for $300 or $500, I hereby give notice that I am prepared to meet the said Greenpoint Jim, and to make a match with him on his own terms, or I am willing to meet any 150lb. man in the United States. Man and money ready any night at Mr. William Donohoe's, Live Oak House, No. 36 Houston street, or at Mr. Martin Terrell's, American Hall, opposite the Mechanic's Bell, Lewis street, or at Izzy Lazarus, No. 4 James street. This challenge is open for one month and to fight in six weeks after the first deposit. If this is not accepted I will not notice any more blowers. Yours, HARRY GRIBBIN

THE LATE WRESTLING MATCH.

COIT'S REPLY TO THE CHALLENGE OF MOLINEAUX.

OFFER TO WRESTLE FOR $500 A SIDE.

Where's Molineaux?

In last weeks Clipper we inserted a card from Molineaux, in reference to the late wrestling match in Brooklyn. The following is the reply of Coit, in which he offers to make a match with Molineaux for $500 a side.

COIT'S REPLY TO MOLINEAUX.

In the Clipper of the 24th inst., is rather a braggadocia article from Molineaux relative to our late contest, and its intemperance of language I shall not imitate in reply. The article of the 17th I knew nothing of, until I saw it in print, therefore am absolved from any blame on the score of trumpeting my own praise. I will again wrestle with Mr. Molineaux, best three falls out of five, half minute or any other time, and according to the rules of wrestling, side holds, for $500 a side, within one month from the making of the match---and not to allow Mr. Molineaux to again deceive me, in drawing the agreement, as can be proved by the stakeholder. Further, I will bet him $50 that he weighs nearer twelve than three pounds more than I do, and that he is at least six inches taller. About the "dodging and foul wrestling," the boot was on the other leg. Mr. Molineaux had his favorite holds and his two favorite judges, who would not certainly have decided in my favor had there been anything "foul," which proves that the assertion of one of his judges, with regard to my being "defeated in fifteen minutes, if it had not been for the many advantages given to me, (Coit,) in making the match," had no foundation in truth, and is but the vagary of a distempered brain; and if any other evidence were wanting, the assertion of Molineaux, "that he himself had the agreement drawn up," and bragged before the wrestling that he had made the agreement to suit himself, should be sufficient. Further, it is asserted that I pronounced him "the best man I ever had hold of." Such is not the fact, I stated that he was a good man and a better man than the wrestler, John Mingo. So far from his being "the best man," he, Molineaux, is next to the poorest I have tackled.

Now, Mr. Molineaux, if you are not "blowing," and my impression is that you are, from the fact that I told you "I would not wrestle again in public," if you will accept the above challenge, I will make another match to this effect; I will wrestle you immediately after the first match, best two out of three falls, for $50 a side, and give you my leg. In your language, "come up or back down" to the corner of Gold street and Fulton Avenue, where the money will be ready, "pay or play." I do not wish to be again deceived, at your house, is my reason for selecting a different place of meeting.

CÆSAR COIT.

MORE SPORTS.

The following sports are announced to take place at the Centreville Mansion House, Bergen Point, on Tuesday next.

1st. A one mile foot race, sweepstakes, for $10, on the Plank Road, open to any person. Best 2 out of 3.

2nd. ½ mile foot race, free to all, for purse.

3d. Climbing a greased pole for a purse.

4th. Blind Bell Race.

Stages will leave the Jersey City Ferry every hour for the ground.

If there were suitable conveyances, there would be a large attendance, we have no doubt.

Mickey Free will take part in the sports.

PROSPECTS OF A MATCH

BETWEEN

Mickey Free and the North Star.

We understand that arrangements are making for a spirited match in the Pedestrian line between the celebrated Mickey Free and the no-less celebrated North Star. Further particulars next week.

PEDESTRIANISM.

Well done Mickey Free!

JUMPING 1000 HURDLES, ON A SPACE OF 10 MILES, IN 2 HOURS AND 7 MINUTES!

Sack Race,- Wheelbarrow Race, &c.

The inhabitants of Jersey were on hand in large numbers on Monday, to witness the sports announced to come off at Bergen Point, New Jersey. A large number of persons from this city were also in attendance, and we should judge that upwards of one thousand spectators were present during the day. This, considering the distance from the city, some six or seven miles, was rather extraordinary. Fast horses, driven by fast men were constantly arriving, and altogether the neighborhood of Centreville wore a truly holiday appearance.

The sports announced were to be a sack race, a wheelbarrow race, and the match against time, in which Mickey Free was entered to jump 1000 hurdles, covering a space of 10 miles, in 3 hours. Accordingly, a field adjoining the Hotel of Mr. Dodge, was prepared for the sports.

The Sack Race.

About one o'clock, two young men were enveloped in sacks, their heads only being visible, and at the word go, off they started. It was truly a laughable affair to witness the exertions made by the *racers* to propel themselves along. Now they were jumping along, now scrambling about on the ground, using he most strenuous exertions to regain their footing, if footing it could be called. After repeated trials, however, one of the sackers, gave up dead beat, being unable to regain his upright position. The other, after various tumbles and rollings, and jumpings, reached the goal, amid the laughter and shouting of the spectators. He was awarded with a small purse of money, and seemed delighted with the fun, or the purse, we dont know which.

Shortly after the sack race, three young men were brought forward to take part in the

Wheelbarrow Race.

If the Sack Race was laughable, the Wheelbarrow Race was still more ludicrous. Three wheelbarrows were at the starting point, with a person to each. The eyes of the competitors were closely covered, so that it was impossible for them to see. The space to be run was a straight course of about 75 yards, the man bringing his barrow first against the fence, to receive the purse. The spectators thronged on each side of the passage way, the said passage way giving just room for the men to make their way. At the word go, off they started, one taking one course, one another, and by some means, one had so turned rounp that he was wheeling his barrow in a directly opposite direction to that in which he should have gone. As they started off on a pretty quick run, many of the spectators were run over by the barrows, while the laughter that followed, made old Jersey ring again. Two of the racers succeeded in reaching the fence, one a few seconds in advance of the other, but what became of the other we have not learned. This event gave great satisfaction to the spectators, and everybody appeared to be in a good humor.

The Hurdle Leaping.

Soon after the last race, preparations were at once made for the great event of the day. The field on which the hurdles were placed was about 293 yards round. Seventeen hurdles were fixed at about equal distance round this course, and it was necessary to complete the match that this course should be traversed by the pedestrian sixty times to make the 10 miles, and that the 17 hurdles should be leaped over 59 times, which would give a total of 1003 leaps. There was but little betting, as the sport was rather new on this side of the Atlantic, and few caring to risk their money on matters they knew nothing about. However, there were some bets made previous to the start, at 25 to 20, that the pedestrian would perform his task 15 minutes inside of the time allowed him, the time being 3 hours.

As it may be interesting to our readers to know something of the celebrated Mickey Free, the pedestrian who was to perform the feat, we give a list of the principal matches he has been engaged in this country, as well as in England and Ireland, previous to the present match.

Robert Harriot, or, as he is more familiarly called Mickey, Free was born in Castle Blaney, Ireland, on the 18th of March, 1819. He stands 5 feet 5 inches high, and weighs 9 stone.

On the 10th of January, 1834, he run 8 Irish miles against time, for £5, which he won in 59 min, 55 sec.

April 12, 1835, run a 2 mile race at Edinburgh, for £5, against Thomas Boughe. Won easy.

July 10, 1835, beat George Woods, at Doncaster, 1 mile, for £5.

Aug. 7, 1838, beat Geo. Field, at Old ham, ¼ mile for £10.

Aug. 25, 1844, won a mile race at Egremont, Cheshire, beating Critchley, of Rainhill, and 5 others, for a sweepstake of £5.

Nov. 10, 1845, beat Ned Loyd, at Liverpool, 1 mile for £10.

Dec. 10, 1845, beaten by Enoch Cropper, in a mile race for £10.

April 15, 1846, beat Butler, at Aintree, 1 mile, for £10. Also beat Evan Williams same place, 1 mile for £10

Aug. 29, 1847, beating 10 competetors at Eastham, in a sweepstakes hurdle race for £5.

Aug. 2, 1848, beat Williamson at Aintree, ½ mile for £5.

Aug. 18, 1848, won at Derby a Silver Cup, beating 6 others in a hurdle race.

Nov. 20 1848, beat Ned White at Bellevue, 1 mile for £20.

May 16, 1849, beaten by Smith at Bellevue, ½ mile, for £20, and won 9 other races of less note, same time.

July 10, 1850, beat Searles, the Great Walker, at Aintree, 10 mile for £15.

Aug. 27, 1850, beaten by Searles, at Aintree, 3 miles, for £5.

Sept. 26, 1850, leaped 1200 hurdles at Dublin, in 3½ hours, for £5.

Nov. 11, 1850, finished walking 1100 miles in 1100 successive hours.

Jan. 9, 1852, beat Mat Farrell at Bellevue, Manchester, 3 miles for £50

Aug. 15, 1852, won a 10 mile race at Union Course, Long Island, for $200.

Besides other races in America. Until the present time, Free has done but little within the past 18 months.

On Mickey making his appearance on Monday last, he was hailed with shouts of applause by the large concourse of spectators present. He was dressed in striped tights, and pink shirt, fitting neither too tight nor too loose. The ground was bad, being rough and uneven, and in places where ice had been formed during the night, and a thaw had taken place during the morning, it was wet and disagreeable. However, nothing daunted, Mickey took his position at the starting point, and at 15 minutes before 2 he received the word, and was off. He appeared in good condition, and as he started off at an easy run, he jumped the hurdles with scarcely the slightest effort, although he had to leap full 3 feet 3 inches to clear each hurdle. He made the first few runs around the course in about 2½ minutes; he then gradually decreased his speed, averaging 2 minutes 45 seconds in going over the course. At 18 minutes to 3, he had accomplished half the distance, having gone over the course 30 times, and jumping 510 hurdles, the total time occupied being but 57 minutes. Of course, the worst part of his task he had yet to perform, for though he was still strong wind, yet it was perceptible that he was slightly fatigued. He kept on, not taking time to rest one moment, although he was aware that he had time to spare, but like a good General, he did not care to waste his time when he was doing such good work. From an easy run, he had now changed his gait into an even and steady walk, and though it required a little more exertion to clear the hurdles, yet up to this time, he had knocked down but two, which he replaced and leaped over. His leaps were now principally dependant upon the left leg, and it was apparent that nearly all the weight was brought upon that leg, both in leaping from the ground, and also on reaching the ground again. At 15 minutes past 3, he had got through three fourths of his task. His friends, and he had many of them there, cheered him on, which, together with a sponge which was kept constantly saturated with "good liquor," and which he would occasionally squeeze into his mouth, kept him in *good spirits*, and he kept on the even tenor of his way, neither looking to the left, nor to the right. His leaps were not as square as in the first part of his performance, being more of a skip than a jump, but as he cleared the hurdle, it made no difference. At precisely 8 minutes of 4 o'clock, he finished his last round, completing his task in the extraordinary time of *two hours and seven minutes!* He was immediately seized by some of his affectionate countrymen, and borne upon their shoulders into the hotel of Mr. Dodge.

During the performance of hurdle leaping, all kinds of sports were going on in the field. Those who likes a good knock down and drag out fight could see it, and if they pleased, could also indulge in it, as it was a "free fight." Several foot races took place on the plank road during the day, for $1 a side and upwards; and jumping, throwing heavy weights, &c., were participated in by all who felt like it. Altogether, it was a jolly day, and we hope to see another like it *ere long.*

Mummer Sport.

This species of dramatic performance is not indulged in at the present day, but a few years back, numerous parties of mummers, as they were called, would perambulate the streets about Christmas times, and terrify the inmates of peaceful habitation by forcible entry and performing in the house dramatic sketches. Dressed in the most grotesque fashion,

"Some in rags, and some in jags,
And some in velvet gowns,"

they *would* have their fun, and like Jeff Bags, the Minstrel, would never leave the premises until they had been paid for their "mummer sport." One character we remember distinctly was called Devilty-dout, and the following lines were given with such earnestness as to frighten women and children, and almost compel the master of the house to "hurry up that quarter."

"Here comes I, little Devilty-dout,
You may kick me in or kick me out,
Money I want, and money I crave,
If you don't give me money, I'll send you

Target Excursions, &c.

Notice.

Target Companies will oblige us by handing in their favors on Tuesday, if possible. Our immense edition renders it absolutely necessary that we should go to press on Wednesday. Write plain, and on one side of the paper only.

EXCURSIONS TO TAKE PLACE.

Hod Carriers Guard, Jan. 2.
A. C. Bell Guard, Jan. 3.

The Rynders Grenadiers.

This newly organized company, named in honor of Isaiah Rynders, Esq., made their first parade on Monday last, and attracted the attention of the thousands of citizens who thronged the streets through which the company passed.—The corps mustered one hundred and nine muskets, and were attended by Shelton's Band of forty instruments. The privates were uniformed in black, and wore bear-skin caps. The officers were also uniformed in black coat and pants, and wore helmets.

The following is a complete list of the officers attached to the battalion:

Major, George B. Hall. Staff: Adjutant, McCabe; Quartermaster, G. Doremus; Paymaster, C. Schaffer; Commissary, W. Miner; Surgeon, Francis Clark, Chaplain, Jas. Reed; Engineer, Thomas C. Burns. First Company: Captain, Wally Mason; First Lieut., L. Cooper; Second Lieut., John Garrett; Third Lieut., Chas. McKay. Second Company: Captain, John Creighton; First Lieut., M. Murray; Second Lieut., J. H. Evers; Third Lieut., G. Kavanagh; Sergeant Major, Cyrus Shay; Drum Major, Richard C. Donald; Capt. of Pioneers, M. Crogier; Standard Bearers, Henry Close, William Harrington. Color Guard: T. O'Donnell, James N. Turner, J. J. Riley, T. Nesbitt, P. Closey. First Company: Orderly, E. McPhelan. Second Company: Orderly, F. O'Keefe.

During the day the company was presented with a beautiful American flag by the ladies of No. 52 Henry street, Miss E. Rynders making the presentation. The company sat down to dinner at 3 o'clock P. M., at the Apollo Rooms, Broadway. Several toasts were given and several speeches made, and good feeling and fellowship pervaded the whole assemblage. The company made a fine appearance in the street, and elicited much praise from all spectators.

We are indebted to the Rynders Grenadiers for the honor of an invitation to take dinner with them.

Chas. S. Hines Guard.

Under the command of M. Murphy, went on their annual excursion for target practice on Tuesday, Nov. 29th to Pollock's Ground Hoboken. They were presented with a beautiful pair of silk flags by a young lady of Cannon street, who made a very appropriate presentation speech. Dodsworth's Band accompanied the guard. After riddeling the target, they returned to the city, and partook of dinner. The following prizes were awarded:

1st. $20 J. Lee; 2nd. Sett of Gold Studs, Capt. M. Murphy; 3rd, $10, J. McRied; 4th. Book, Life and Speeches of Henry Clay, J. Smalley; 5th. Hat, J. W. Rook; 6th Wreath, B. Roddy; 7th. Target, J, W. Timson; 8th. Wreath, C. Welsh.

Injurious Reports.

The following card we insert with pleasure, though we are pained to learn that such reports as are mentioned therein, should have gained publicity.

New York, December 28th, 1853.

EDITOR OF NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Dear Sir,—since the excursion of the Baxter Light Guard, which took place as you recollect on the first of November, there has been a number of reports, pretty extensively circulated, that are having a tendency to impress upon the minds of those, who are personally unacquainted with us, that the members of the Baxter Light Guard, are a set of low lived scoundrels. The most prominant of these reports are, "that we returned from our excursion largely in debt," being stated by some as high as high as $100.

Now I hear these reports wherever I go, and I have on several occasions desired to repudiate them publicly, but have been constrained from so doing by the members of the company, who felt convinced that they merely emanated from some foul mouthed scoundrel who had nought in design but to tarnish the good name we have held for the last five years. Nyw I pronounce these absurd assertions as false as they are ridiculous, and I regret to say that I have been rightly informed that they emanate from a company who have publicly claimed a title of superiority among the volunteer associations of our city. The name of this company I will withhold for the present, as it is our desire to injure no one intentionally, and will not, unless compelled to do so in justification of the merits we are entitled to. Now I will guarantee the sum of $100 to any member of the company I have reference to, that will prove we owe one penny on the expenses incurred on our last excursion.

I, in return, will prove to them that the expenses of our Dinner and Band alone (upwards of $240) were paid *two days previous* to the parade. The members of the B. S. G's. feel desirous of cultivating that intimacy of friendship which in associations like these it should be our duty and aim to maintain, and which binds us together in the strongest ties of happy Union and Harmony, and feeling confident we have injured no one intentionally, we cannot imagine why these reports are circulated to our discredit.

I have resorted to this mode of contradiction as a last method of upholding the name of Baxter, and I trust should my remarks not appear too prolix, they will find a place in the columns of your paper; and hoping that this will favorably impress you who the Baxter Light Guard are,

I remain,
With much respect,
Your obedient servant,
BENJAMIN F. BRADY.

THE BALL SEASON.

BALLS TO TAKE PLACE.

Atlantic Engine Co. No. 18.
Baxter Light Guard, Jan. 5.
L. C. Grimes Guard, Jan. 16.
Cummings Guard, February 1st.

Ball of the Atlantic Engine Company No. 18.

The Second Annual Ball of the Atlantic Engine Company, No. 18, will take place at the City Assembly Rooms, No. 450 Broadway, on Thursday, (this) evening, Dreember 29. To those who wish to spend an evening pleasantly, we would recommend the ball of No. Eighteen.

Storer Guard.

This Ball was held at Tammany Hall on Monday Evening, Dec. 19th, and was a very fine affair, but not being acquainted with any person present, who could furnish us with the particulars which would enable us to give a detailed report, we have only to remark, that everything passed off very creditably.

Liberty Guard Soiree.

We dropped in at the City Assembly Rooms, on Tuesday evening, 20th inst. and were agreeably surprised to find so many of both sexes assembled in the mazy dance. Miss F——, of Suffolk street, dressed in plaid, was greatly admired; Mr. Hotchkiss did the *amiable*. Miss C——r, in company of Mr. Hedenberg, of Division St., looked exceedingly well—Miss T——y, of William-street, and the Misses R——n, of Madison street, claimed great attention. Mr. and Mrs. M——n of Chesnut St. were as pleasing as ever. The Misses Y——g, and Misses J——s, of Brooklyn, carried of the palm for *dancing*. Mr. F. Pollock was about. "Our John," better known in sporting circles as "Mr. Mc. Carthy," was also present.

Grand Fancy Dress Soiree of the Irving Association,

Was held at Gothic Hall, Brooklyn, on Friday evening last. Fancy Dress Balls have for the last few years been on the decline in this city. But on the above evening, we witnessed a grand revival got up in a style of grandeur seldom surpassed. Great credit is due to George R. Yates, the worthy chairman, for his untiring efforts to make the ball what it was. As to selecting the Belle of the Ball, it would be a matter of impossibility, as they all seemed entitled to that honor. Miss. W——ks, of Hudson Avenue, as the Child of the Regiment, was a perfect counterpart of Madame Anna Thillon in that character. Miss. M. Mc G——ny had as usual many admirers; her brother might well be proud of his charming sister. We are in favor of giving the Pert Little Miss. L.'Y——es, who appeared as a Spanish peasant girl, the honor of being the best dancer in the room. Miss M—n, of High Street, received great attention from the gentlemen. Mr. McGlynn and Lady, from N Y——, enjoyed themselves to a high degree; Miss S——les, of Fleet Street, as the Light of the *Harem*, eclipsed many of her Lady Friends in costume, &c. Miss. Hallibert, of Prince Street, attired in white, also Miss G——h, of Washington Street, as a Turkish Page, created no little furore among the "*Boys*". The character most ably represented was Paul Pry, by Mr. Keys, of Division Street, N Y. *Roy Roy*, by Saml. Furstisen, was also very good—the *Devil* in Brooklyn, was represented by Jas. Shaple, of Gowanus. John Nfles, Captain of the Marines was about. Several fancy dances were executed as *follows*:—Highland Fling, by Miss. Applegate, danced in a most beautiful manner—Hornpipe, by Mr. McLoughlin alias master "*Leonard*." We would suggest a different style of costume to the young gentleman on a future occasion. His dress at the above ball greatly marred his dancing. Miss. B—m also danced the Highland Fling with good effect. Altogether, the fancy ball was a brilliant assemblage of beauty and refinemeut.

Washington Market in the Field!

A DAY OF SPORT.

THE ROBT. FORSYTH CADETS, under the command of Alex. Devoe, made their Annual Excursion to Pollock's Mansion House, Hoboken, on Wednesday, the 21st, inst., for target practice and social enjoyment.

This organization is named in honor of Robert Forsyth, Esq., a gentleman whose name is a "Household Word" to all those who have occasion to visit Washington Market, being one of the most extensive dealers connected with that place. He must indeed feel honored at the compliment paid him by the "*Cadets*."

The day was lovely for the season. About nine o'clock, A. M., everything being in readiness, the company left their Headquarters in Vesey street, and after parading through several of the most prominent thoroughfares, crossed to Hoboken, where their worthy Host, D. POLLOCK, Esq., furnished them with a most excellent lunch, which, with the abundant supply of wine greatly rejuvenated the "*Bould sojer Boys*." As soon as the inner man was satisfied, the shooting exercises were commenced under the supervision of the following gentlemen, acting as judges, Messrs. John Decker, S. J. Fisk, James Legrange, Chas. Fletcher, Jared Willcox, Mathias W. Platt, James Irving, Wm. Goodheart, Addison Edwards, and J. Holden. The Target, which for artistic skill could not be surpassed, reflected great credit upon the painter, Mr. Catlin.

The dinner was prepared by M. Pollock in his best style, and was greatly *admired* by the Cadets.

The following is a list of prizes awarded to the successful marksmen.

1st PRIZE.—Beautiful Gold Hunting Watch, presented by Robt. Forsyth, won by John Hovell.—2nd. Do.—Splendid Castor, complete, presented by Enoch Smith; 3rd, Do.—Double Barrelled Fowling Piece, with accoutrements—presented by Benj. A Guire, won by Wm. Bunn; 4th Do. Silver Cake Basket—presented by Will-cox and Williams, and won by Bennett Coles.—5th Do.—Cake Basket—presented by Smith and McNaman, won by James Anderson.—6th—Heavy Silver Sugar Bowl, presented by Tunison and Holden,—won by 1st Lieut. Peter Larky. 7th.—Massive Silver Salver, Heavily Chased—presented by T. V Gender, Esq. won by George White, *the French Irishman*.—8th Silver Card Tray—presented by Tunison and Holden, won by James Conner. 9th.—Gentleman's Dressing Case, presented by Addison Edwards, Esq.,—won by Mr. Catlin.—10th.—Dressing Case—presented by a Friend—won by D. Noling. 11th.—Pair of Boots—presented by a Friend, won by James Bunn.

The company mustered seventy muskets, under the following Officers: Alex. Devoe, Comdt.; P. Laiky, 1st. Lieut. P. Vincent McCormick 2nd Lieut.; Thos. E. Bowen 3rd. Lieut.; H. Billings, 4th Lieut.; Christian Woodruff, Orderly Sergeant.

Pigeon Shooting at Taconey.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 27, '53.

DEAR CLIPPER—I hasten to give you a report of the shooting yesterday at Mr. Kinsey's Hotel, Taconey. There was a very large muster of guns on the ground, and any amount of good birds, at a very low price, the proprietor being evidently as anxious to give and see sport as to make money. The first match---between the Major and Mr. Caldwell—came off at 20 birds each. Mr. C. won, killing 18; the Major 16. It was counted good shooting, the birds being in fine condition, and going off in gallant style. Spring traps were used and shot confined to 1½oz. Several other matches came off. A very good match between two gentlemen of this city, Messrs. Fitswater and Stevens, at 16 birds each, ground trap, 1 birds in the trap at a time. Mr. Fits won, scoring 14 birds to Mr. S.'s 12.

Mr. Kinsey and Mr. John shot at 8 birds each, spring traps, 21 yards rise. Mr. John won, killing all.

The funniest match of the whole day was beswen two gents of the city, 'Knights of the Yardstick and Scissors," whose pride had tempted them to measure their respective merits with the "triger." Mr. Smith and Mr. Delancey were the names of the would-be sportsmen. They shot at 4 birds each. Mr. Smith won, having accidently shot *one* bird before it got clear of the trap; he then turned round on his heel, exultingly to his fallen foe, and exclaimed, amid the laughs of the crowd, "Such is the way I kill all my birds, sir!"

NEW YORK CLIPPER

DECEMBER 31, 1853.

HARRISON TRENT, Proprietor.
FRANK QUEEN, Editor.

OUR WHOLESALE AGENTS

ROSS & JONES, 21 Ann Street.
PRICE & WINANS, 150 Fulton Street.
MIKE MADDEN, 47 Ann Street.
YATES & SEELY, 15 Ann Street,

Notice.

☞ Persons wishing to subscribe to the Clipper, will please send direct to our office, No. 150 Fulton street.

☞ OUR PHILADELPHIA AGENT, Mr. Winch, 116 Chesnut street, will supply new paper dealers in Philadelphia with the Clipper a our regular wholesale rates.

Answers to Correspondents.

Ajax.—The Life and Battles of Donnelly, the Irish Champion, will be published as soon as we can find room.

Johnny Hocake.—We have had so many challenges of late, that in future, unless we are well acquainted with the parties, we will insert no challenge unless paid for as an advertisement.

A Reader.—"Do you intend to publish the balance of the fights of Spring?" Yes. Being disappointed in receiving the work from which we copied, we were compelled to close rather abruptly. However, the works have since been received, and Spring's Battles will be published in the Clipper as soon as space will permit.

Bowery.—"Is Miss Gertrude Dawes, now dancing at the Bowery, a married lady, and are her parents living?" Miss Dawes is a married lady. Her mother is living, but her father was accidently killed by Redmond Ryan, the Irish comedian, a few years since, in Boston.

J. B.—Exercise and hard work will digest any food whatever; but take this into consideration at the same time, that such stomachs as can achieve this, must have been unused to the debauches of the town. Dr. Armstrong says—

"Nothing so foreign but the athletic man
Can labor into blood; the hungry meal
Alone he fears, or aliments too thin.
The languid stomach curses ever the pure
Delicious fat, and all the race of oil:
For more the oily aliments relax
Its already feeble tone."

Wm. Davidson.—Figg was Champion of England in 1719. He was the first on the list.

Jack Jones.—In playing the game of Euchre, if hearts should be trumps, the Jack of Hearts is the highest card, the Jack of Diamonds next, then the Ace of Hearts, and so on. It is a deeply interesting game.

W. T. A.—Deaf Burke fought with a man named O'Rourke, in New Orleans, on the 30th of May, 1837. Burke on getting the upper hand of his opponent, so exasperated the friends of the latter, that Burke was obliged to fight his way out of the ring with a Bowie knife.

John.—Hyer fought but two prize fights.

W. R. Johnston, Philada.—The pugilist you refer to was a colored man called Jo Battis. He was a powerful negro, and possessed the most essential requisites for a prize fighter. He died several years since in Philadelphia.

H. A. R., Providence.—We have no good work on the subject at present; will publish some information as soon as we can find room.

C. A. L.—The arrangements for the conveyance of passengers were certainly bad, but there was no remedy.

D. R. Hartzell, Philada.—We know of no *complete* work. "Fistiana," an English work, contains some instructions. Turner & Fisher published a small work on boxing a few years since.

J. S., Providence.—"Has there been any decision in the late fight between Gill and Donnelly?" In this affair Charley Jones of Manchester, the referee, has given his decision, which is, that the backers of Gill are entitled to the money, Nobby Clarke having given in for Donnelly. Against this decision there is no appeal. Donnelly complains that it is unjust; but as he entrusted himself to the management of Nobby Clarke, he has no appeal but to that individual for redress.

The Poor Children.

The children of the Five Points were well cared for on Monday last. Five hundred books, and various other presents were distributed among them.

The children of Randall's Island were treated to a fine dinner of roast turkey, and the fixins. They, the children liked it. We don't wonder.

A FEW WORDS OF ADVICE.

The New Year.

Young man, you intend to have a good time on Monday next, at least, that is your expectation. Now, let us advise you how to manage things, so that you may be enabled to pass through the day with credit to yourself, and with pleasure to those with whom you may associate. It is a great error with our young friends to enter this or that public house on first starting out, and gulp down heavy draughts of very bad liquor, 'prepared expressly for the occasion." Now, you do not need this liquor, you know it is injurious to you, because it is different from what you have been accustomed to, for we take it for granted that you *do* take a little something at other times than on New Year's Day You merely swill down this stuff because it is so easy to be got at, because you can take a stiff horn, and the landlord dare not say "hold, enough." It is so pleasant to go in here and there and cry out—"I'll take a little of your pale," or "I'll try Port," or "make me a whiskey skin hot," and so on, and after receiving your "beverage" to know that it costs you nothing. But it *does* cost you, let us tell you. It costs you a severe headache, before you have entered upon the real enjoyments of the day. It unfits you for visiting those ladies who have been uppermost in your thoughts for the last ten months, and on whom you anticipated making such a favorable impression by your captivating appearance. Therefore, if you wish to keep yourself well up to the mark, do not begin the day and the year by drinking such liquor as we have referred to. Well, we have got you pretty well drilled up in the first lesson, now let us come to the second part.

You are dressed in your best—your barber has given an extra touch to your glossy locks, and in all respects you present a dazzling appearance, in fact, you "look killing." Now, of course, it is rational to suppose that you desire to retain your very captivating looks throughout the entire day. But if you really wish so to do, you must take proper precautions on you first visit, or we cannot answer for what may follow. You enter the dwelling wherein resides the idol of your affections—you are ushered into the parlor, and there behold the tables groaning under loads of the good things of this life—but your attention is mainly directed to that great magnet of attraction, your lovely "inamorato." There she is, all smiles, all beauty, and seeming "more like a thing of Heaven than of earth." (This is piling it on rather extensive, but New Year's Day comes but once a year, and we allow ourselves to speak more freely than upon common occasions.) She welcomes you in tones of soft and delicious melody—the compliments of the season are interchanged—she takes your hat, looking into it in the meantime, to see if it has your daguerreotype likeness in, for this is a great dodge with the girls since Rafferty & Leask invented the Daguerreotype Hats. The lady then invites you to partake of refreshments, which you are no ways backward in doing. In fact, you soon empty your glass of its delicious liquid, and as it infuses *courage* into your system, you try another glass, taking care to let the lady see how natural you can "toss it off." Your artificial courage makes you appear, in your own conceit, a perfect "devil among the gals." You begin to forget yourself and the presence of the lady, and launch out into language not suitable for the ears of virgin innocence. In fact, you already are a "leetle boozy," and finally take your leave in a style of uncertainty as to future operations, yet fully convinced in your own mind that you have "made your mark." Could you "see yourselves as others see you," you would touch but lightly the tempting glass. It is the first visit always that regulates your course of conduct for the balance of the day. Take our advice, if you wish to enjoy yourself, and don't look into the wine glass too long. It don't pay on New Year's Day. You make yourself appear little in the eyes of the "girl you left behind you," instead of making her think you a "devil of a fellow among the women."

Another thing, if you have any respect for your female acquaintances, don't take Tom, Dick or Harry along with you to see those ladies, for it may not be agreeable to them. Tom, Dick, or Harry may be good fellows in *their* way, but their way may not be quite up to the standard of gentility, politeness and social refinement, such as your lady friends have been accustomed to. But if you must take Tom and his comrades with you to see the ladies, tell them not to use in speaking to the ladies, such expressions as "oh, dry up and bust," or "you'd better believe it hoss," or "I hear enough, old gal," &c. The ladies, generally, are not very partial to this style of conversation, and look upon it as "more honored in the breach than in the observance."

In fact, to sum up in a few words, if you wish to gain friends and to retain a good reputation, don't "go too strong into the liquor business" on New Year's Day.

The Great Republic.

This monstrous vessel, the pride of America, met with an early doom. We much fear we never shall look upon her like again.

AMUSEMENTS.

CAUTION.

Having understood that sundry individuals are in the habit of using the name of this paper, in order to obtain admission to various places of amusement, &c., in this city, we hereby give notice that no person is authorized to use the name of the Clipper, for any purpose, whatever, except the Proprietor and Editor, who are the *only* representatives of the New York Clipper. Their names will be found at the head of the Editorial Department of the Clipper, and they alone are connected with its management. Those who have been duped, and all others interested, will please give attention to this notice.

AMUSEMENTS.

The crowded state of our columns, precludes any lengthy description of the amusements of the week.

The National Theatre, notwithstanding the unparalleled run Uncle Tom's Cabin has had, continues to attract crowded audiences as usual. Little Katy Hot Corn is performed on the afternoons of Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, and is very attractive.

Christy's Minstrels, owing to the novelties presented, and the talents of the company, are nightly visited by crowded assemblages. Go early.

Buckley's Minstrels continue to please, as is evidenced by their prosperity and popularity. The new features of Sunday evening Concerts of Sacred Music, promises to meet with public favor, if we may judge from the good attendance on last Sunday evening.

Fat Cattle.

Those extraordinary cattle which had been exhibiting opposite to the Crystal Palace for the last six months, have at last gone the way of all cattle, especially of all fat cattle. They were sold to Mr. James Irving, of Washington Market, on Wednesday, the 21st instant, and were slaughtered the early part of last week, and on Friday and Saturday last were exhibited at Washington Market to thousands of admiring spectators. In fact, such a display of fine cattle was never before made.

The cattle were named as follows:

The heaviest bullock, weighing 2178 lbs., was named in honor of Gen. Wm. H. Angell, of Watertown, N. Y., the greatest feeder in the state.

Next heaviest, weighing 2066 lbs., named in honor of Capt. Charley Walton, of Cleveland, Ohio.

Next, weighing 2044 lbs., named after George Buckley, of New York.

Poughkeepsie steer, weighing 1930 lbs, named after G. T. White, cattle dealer, of New York.

Next, weighing 1,860 lbs., called after Silas Wright, of New York.

Next, weighing 2,008 lbs., named after Geo. W. Jenkins, of New York.

Twin steers, weighing 3,680 lbs., named after Dennis McCabe and C. Piersoll.

Cow, 19 years old, had 13 calves, named in honor of Mrs. C. J. Wells, daughter of Gen. Wm. H. Angell, of Watertown, New York. The cow weighed 1460 lbs., and was the greatest specimen of fat ever seen.

Average weight of the above cattle 1915 lbs., York weight.

The price paid by Mr. Irving for the above cattle was 11 cents per lb., dead weight.

California Morals.

But a few years since every quarrel in California was settled either by the pistol or bowie-knife. Civilization is rapidly gaining ground, however, in the gold region, if we may judge from the progress making in the pugilistic art. Scarcely a mail arrives that does not bring us an account of a prize fight. Well done, Callfornia, you are already on the borders of civilization.

Christmas Holiday.

This holiday passed off in the usual way—turkeys, chickens, candies, cakes, music and playing, flags flying, people running, and so forth and so on. In the evening, every place of amusement in the city was filled to repletion. Three cheers for Christmas.

The Clipper in Philadelphia.

The good citizens of the Quaker City are showing their appreciation of our humble efforts to make a good paper by running up our circulation in that city to an astonishing extent. We certainly must commend their sound judgment diserament.

The Turf.

UNION COURSE, L. I.—RUNNING.—*Monday*, Dec. 26, 1853—Purse and stake $400, mile heats best 3 in 5 to saddle:

C Hood names s. m. Lady Digbee	1	2	1
A Carpenter names br. m. Lady Shurkbone	2	1	2

Time—2:02, 202, 2:02, 2:06

There was a large attendance present, betting was even. After the second heat, the brown mare was the favorite at $100 to $10. In fact, the owner of the sorrel mare wanted to draw her, but the spectators betting on the sorrel mare wanted a show for their money. The sorrel mare won the remaining two heats and race without a struggle. Same day, match for $200 half mile out to saddle.

C. Hood, names spotted gelding Virginia Spot	1		
A Carpenter names br. m. Lady Roop		2	

Time—55 sec.

Spot was the favorite at 2 to 1, and won the race by about two lengths.

SPORTING NEWS.

THE NEW YORK CLIPPER can be procured at the News Depot, 25 Hudson-st. immediately on publication. Bell's Life in London received regularly every week. Daily Weekly and Sunday Newspapers. Monthly Magazines and Cheap Publications constantly on hand. E. COZENS,
25 Hudson st., between Reade and Duane.

Where was it Bought?

Why, at Hiram Anderson's, to be sure. And thousands of splendid patterns of Carpetings have been purchased at the extensive Carpet Warerooms, No. 99 Bowery, by those who wish to make their parlors neat and comfortable looking for the New Year celebration—you who have not made your selections, should do so at once, as but a few days will elapse before the Great Holiday will be here. A neat looking carpet is greatly admired by visitors, and if you desire to gain a good opinion for being an unexceptionable housewife, let your house be put in good order at once. Hearth Rugs, Door Mats, and every other article in the line, can be purchased at very low rates at Hiram Anderson's extensive Carpet Establishment, No. 99 Bowery. Make your selections at once.

Guns, Pistols, &c.

If you wish for any article in the Sporting line, we know of no place where you can be better suited than at the store of Alfred Woodham, No. 160 Fulton street.

"Live and Let Live."

This famous saloon, under the proprietorship of Messrs. Walnut & Radford, No. 214 Broadway, opposite St. Paul's Church, is on the full tide of success. "Long may it wave."

Dancing.

M. Kilfoil, a perfect master of his profession, commences his new classes on the 1st of January. Those who desire to be well instructed in Dancing, Waltzing, &c., should at once join one of the new classes, and in a short time they will become proficients in the art. For particulars, see Mr. Kilfoil's advertisement, in another part of our paper.

Carri er' Address.

Our friends, Abbe & Yates, of No. 20 Ann street, have published a very neat and well written New Year's Address, for the use of their patrons. It is an address suitable for the carriers of every paper. To show that the address is really a sensible document, we make room for the following single extract:—

"THE CLIPPER is THE Paper of the age."

"Bragg."

If you are unable, through pain or the many ills which the human frame is heir to, from attending to your business, call on A. G. Bragg & Co., No. 304 Broadway, and purchase a bottle of their celebrated Mexican Mustang Liniment. We think after you have once tried it, you will never again be without it.

Beautiful Engravings.

While you have some spare change in your pockets, call on E. B. Rogers, Jr., No. 150 Fulton street, and purchase some of those beautiful colored Engravings he has on hand.

Great Times

At Christy's Opera House, No. 472 Broadway, during the holidays. Plenty of good singing, and plenty of negro eccentricities. Call early if you wish to enjoy some rare comicalities.

The Jullien,

As personated at Buckley's, Chinese Hall, 539 Broadway, is a greater hit than the original.—Embrace the present opportunity of spending an evening with Buckley's Minstrels.

Musical Gifts.

You cannot obtain more suitable Musical Gifts than by purchasing at the great musical establishment of Horace Waters, No. 333 Broadway.

"A Gift as is a Gift."

If you wish to confer a great favor on some friend in the country, let us advise you (though we are entirely disinterested in the matter,) to pay $1 50, and have the New York Clipper sent to your friend for one year. It will not only do him good, but will also make you feel like another man.

Ladies, be on the Alert.

Ladies should not forget that a cake of Dr. Gouraud's celebrated Italian Medicated Soap will remove all chaps, and other disfigurements to which the skin is so liable; and as that great annual festival, the celebration of the birth of a New Year is at hand, when ladies should present a beautiful appearance, we hope they will take our advice, and buy a cake of the above named useful article. A small portion of Liquid Rouge, also prepared by Dr. Gouraud, will give a beautiful rose tint to the complexion, and Lily White will render all roughness invisible. If you have red, light or gray hair, use Dr. Gouraud's Liquid Hair Dye, which will instantly change your locks to a fine brown, or glossy jet black. All these desirable articles can be purchased of Dr. Gouraud, at No. 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway.

Have a Care,

Young man, that you make a neat appearance on Monday next, if you wish to meet with favor at the hands of the ladies, whom you design visiting. Messrs. Rafferty & Leask, fashionable hatters, of No. 57 Chatham street, and corner of Chatham and Pearl, in anticipation of the great demand for their Daguerrean Hat, have manufactured an extensive stock of hats to meet the wants of customers for the New Year festival. A fashionable, well fitting hat is as much an object of attraction to the fair sex, as any other article of dress, and no one should make visits on Monday next without purchasing one of Rafferty & Leask's beautiful Daguerrean Hats, in which a likeness of the purchaser is inserted free of charge. As the above mentioned stores are the only places where this style of hat can be purchased, our friends would do well to call early.

GREAT ATTRACTION.

MONDAY EVENING, January 2d, 1853—James McLaughlin will give the Fancy some rare sport, at 155 First Avenue, consisting of Bear Baiting, Badger Baiting, Coon Baiting, Rat Killing, and other Canine Sports.

The noted Badger Stay-there—the drawing of which caused so much excitement last Monday evening—will be again on hand, and be baited for a Silver Cup. The celebrated dogs, Billy and White Fan, are matched to run on that night for $10 aside; the dog making the best time to be the winner.

The celebrated ratters, Cade and Nip, are matched to kill 25 Rats for $25 on that night.

Doors open at 7; sport to commence at half-past 7.

Tickets 25 cents each; to be had at the bar.

AGENCY OFFICE.

522 BROADWAY, (opposite St. Nicholas Hotel)—Persons requiring competent and faithful clerks, salesmen, porters, school teachers, drug clerks, coachmen, bankeepers, waiters, boys for hotels, stores and trades, will please call and leave orders; and applicants for any of the above situations will find it to their interest to register their names. Girls requiring places as housekeepers, seamstresses, cooks, nurses, chambermaids, and for general housework, can be certain of getting first class employment. THOMAS SPINK, Agent.

TREMENDOUS BARGAINS

AT THE CELEBRATED LARGEST AND CHEAPEST CARPET ESTABLISHMENT IN THE UNITED STATES, No. 99 Bowery, New York,

HIRAM ANDERSON.

EIGHT SPACIOUS SALES ROOMS—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Sales Room No. 1.

CONTAINS THE MOST EXTENSIVE FASHIONABLE, and handsome assortmen of Hare's celebrated English and American Floo Oil Cloths, of the newest style, satin finish, marbie, Italian, fresco, and scroll paintings, ever offered in this city, from 2s. 6d. to $1 the square yard of 1 to 8 yards wide

Sales Room No. 8.

Are the PATENT TAPESTRY INGRAIN CARPETS, exhibited at the World's Fair, and to be exhibited at the New York Crystal Palace.

Also, Window Shades, at 6s., 8s., 12s., 16s., and 20s. per pair; Table Covers, Plated and Brass Stair Rods, English Sheepskin, Adelaide and Tufted Parlor Door Mats.

Also, White and Checked Matting, 4-4, 5-4 and 6-4, and Cocoa Matting. All the above goods will be sold at twenty per cent less than any other establishment in the United States.

HIRAM ANDERSON.
99 BOWERY.

N. B—Familes and Merchants visiting the great metropolis, will find it much to their advantage to examine this enormous stock. feb 253m

Sales Room No. 2.

THERE ARE 250 PIECES OF THE CHOICEST, most beautiful and desirable patterns of English and American Ingrain Carpeting, at unparalleled low prices, from 5s. to 6s. 6d. per yard. Manufactured for our city sales.

Sales Room No. 3.

CONTAINS 300 PIECES OF ENGLISH AND American Imperial Three Ply Carpeting, of magnificent Scroll and Gothic figures, imported and manufactured to order, some of which cannot be found at any other establishment in the United States.

Sales Room No. 4.

CONTAINS 150 PIECES OF FINE INGRAIN CARPETING, of splendid new patterns, at astonishing low prices, 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., and 4s. per yard.

Sales Room No. 5.

DISPLAYS A WONDERFUL VARIETY of ENGLISH DRUGGETS, 4 yards wide. Also, 3000 yards of Druggets 1¼, 2, and 3 yards wide, at 3s. 3s. 6d., 4s. 5s. 6s. per yard. Also, magnificent Mosaic and Axminster Hearth Rugs, and 100 Tufted Rugs, at 20s.

Sales Room No. 6.

IS FULLY STOCKED WITH EVERY VARIETY of striped and figured STAIR and HALL CARPETING, at 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. to 6s. per yard. Also, English Tapestry, Brussels and Velvet Stair Carpet at 7s. 8s. 9s. and 10s. per yard.

Sales Room No. 7.

ROYAL VELVET, Axminster, Tapestry, and Brussels Carpeting, imported from the celebrated English Manufactories of John Crossly & Son, and Henderson's, expressly for our city trade. Also, Mosaic carpets of one entire piece, the size 16 feet by 21, and 12 feet 8 inches by 17 feet, worth $350.

Christy's American Opera House.

No. 472 Broadway, above Grand street.

OPEN EVERY NIGHT.

The well known original, far famed and only CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS,

Organized in 1842.

The first and oldest established company in xistence.

THE MODEL TROUPE OF THE WORLD.

The first to Harmonize Negro Melodies, and originators of the present popular style of Ethiopian Entertainments, and whose success in this city, for a continued succession of several years past, is without precedent in the annals of public amusement in New York.

THE COMPANY,

Comprising a versatile and talented "corps" of experienced performers, under the direction and personal supervision of EDWIN P. CHRISTY, Sole Proprietor and Manager, the only individual of the name of Christy, engaged as a performer in representations of Ethiopian Minstrelsy.

Ad mission—25 cents. Doors open at 6½ o'lock; commence at 7½ o'clock.

National Theatre.

Every Evening, until further notice, will be performed—

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,
IN SIX ACTS.

Uncle Tom.	Mr. J. Lingard.
St. Claire,	Siple.
Gumpton Cute,	H. Stone.
Eva,	Little Cordelia Howard.

NOTICE TO CITIZENS AND STRANGERS.

The great and original drama of Uncle Tom's Cabin, by G. L. Aiken, Esq., which has been performed with such immense success at the National Theatre every night since the 18th of July, and in which the youthful wonder, Little Cordelia Howard, appears as the gentle Eva,

WILL BE CONTINUED

EVERY EVENING DURING THE YEAR

and every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon. Admission 25 cents to dress circle. Remember the National Theatre is situated in Chatham street, near Rosevelt, and this is the only place in which the correct version from Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's work can be witnessed in New York.

☞ Dress Circle and Boxes, 25 cts; Orchestra Arm Chairs, 50 cts; Exclusive Private Boxes, $5; One Person to Private Box, $1. Doors open at 6½; to commence at 7½ o'clock

City Amusements.

The Strangers' Guide.

[Any omissions, alterations, or corrections, in the following list, will be attended to, on the fact being made known at our Office.]

The following list at once points out to stranger and others, the localities of every place of amusente in N ew-York City, together with the prices of admission, time of opening, and much othes useful information, not to be found in any other journal.

Bowery Theatre.

Bowery, Between Bayard and Walker-street.
Pit and Lower Circles of Boxes.
Prices of Admission:
First Second and Third Circles of Boxes, 25 cts.
Pit and Gallery, 12½ cts.
Manager, E. D. Stevens,
Treasurer, Mr. Waldron,
Assistant Treasurer, F. E. Wemyss.
Doors open at 7,—commence at half-past 7.

Company:

Mr E. Eddy,	Mr R. Johnston,
Mr Glenn,	Mr J. Winans,
Mr J. Dunn,	Mr Hamilton,
Mr Stevens,	Mr Collins,
Mr Lamb,	Mr Stone,
Mr Leffingwell.	
Mrs Parker,	Mrs Dunn,
Mrs Monell,	Miss Hiffert,
Miss Somers.	

Burton's Theatre.

Chamber's-Street, opposite the Park.
Manager, Mr. W. E. Burton.
Parquette, First and Second circle of Boxes.
Admission to all parts of the house 50 cts.
Doors open at 7,—commence at half-past 7.

Company:

Mr Burton,	Mr Holland,
Russell,	T. Johnson,
Jordan,	Barrett,
Norton,	Fisher,
Andrews,	Radcliff,
Levere,	Moore,
Mrs Buckland,	Mrs Hughes,
Burton,	Brasses,
Cooke,	Hough,
Miss Juli alby,	Miss Raymond,

Rheinish Belgian Gallery,

Wallack's Theatre.

Broadway, near Broome-Street.
Parquette, Dress and Family Circle.
Parquette and Dress Circle 50 cts., Family Circle 25 cts.

Lessee, Mr. Wallack.
Stage Manager, Mr. Lester.
Treasurer, Mr. Charles Wallack.

Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performances commence at half-past 7.

The following are the names of the members of the Company:

Mr. Blake,	Mr. Lester,
Mr. Brougham,	Mr. Walcot,
Mr. Lysander Thompson,	Mr. Dyott,
Mr. Reynolds,	Mr. F. A. Vincent,
Mr. H. B. Phillips,	Mr. Mr. F. Chippendale,
Mr. Lyster,	Mr. Rea,
Mr. Chandler,	Mr. Bernard,
Mr. Browne,	Mr. Oliver,
Mr. Burke,	Mr. Thomas,
and Mr. Wallack.	
Miss Laura Keene,	Mrs. Brougham,
Mrs. Conway,	Mrs. Cramer,
Mrs. Stevens.	Mrs. Isherwood,
Mrs. Conover,	Mrs. Browne,
Miss Esmond,	Miss Julia Gould,
Mrs. Walcot,	Miss Norval,
Miss Tayleure	Miss Osborne.
Mrs. Blake.	

Broadway Theatre.

Broadway

Fox Hunting, &c.

BY AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

Although it has been asserted by Bickford, that a *fair* fox hunter, and a *foolish* one are synonymous, we are not warranted in supposing that it ever entered into his imagination that his meaning would be so far distorted, or used in such an extended sense as to apply to two packs of hounds being employed in the destruction of one unhappy fox. His idea of a fox chase was, that it should be short, sharp, and decisive; but where the scent would not admit of such a termination, that it was allowable for a huntsman to avail himself of any circumstances which might bring him upon better terms with his game; and upon this point, I believe almost all professors of the noble science agree with him. The present generation of huntsmen are ever too ready to adopt this part of Bickford's text, as particularly suitable to their own practice, without stopping to inquire whether it might form an exception to the general rule of fox hunting in all cases. Lifting hounds over fallows or sheep stained ground, going to halloas when at fault, taking hounds forward to a favorite covert, when a fox is evidently making that point, and there is not a scent sufficient to bring you on good terms without recourse to these manœuvres, are all very justifiable in such a case; but a constant practice of lending this adventitious aid would assuredly spoil the best pack of hounds in the world. An enterprising huntsman had been trying all these experiments on a good scenting day, when there was no actual necessity for them, and succeeded in beating and disgusting his hounds long before he had beaten his fox; but having a reserved lot of hounds, stowed away in a barn hard by, he took all kinds of liberties with his pack of the morning, trusting to the reserve to finish off the offair in somewhat better form, which they succeeded in, by at last killing this hardly used but hard running old fox, after about five hours' severe work. At the finish, however, all parties cognizant of the business looked anything but exultingly. The feat had been accomplished, but both huntsman and whipper-in had been ashamed of it. My friend and self sat on our horses a little distance off, but declined to be present at the orgies, and I think our remarks were audible and pertinent enough to account for our keeping thus aloof.

"Well," exclaimed my friend, as we turned away, "I call this *rat-catching*, not *fox hunting*." The huntsman, whose performances we had gone this long distance to witness, was, without doubt a very clever hand at his business of fox *catching*, but it could scarcely be denominated fox hunting. I must do him, however, the justice to say, that I never saw one more thoroughly acquainted with the nature and habits of the animal he was engaged in pursuing, and so far did this knowledge appear to extend, that he looked upon his hounds as mere adjuncts to his system, not as the principals of it. Reports had often reached me of his extraordinary performances over a country after his fox, and the almost certainty of his grappling him somehow or other, and I must confess, had I been Mr. Wiley, I should have been extremely reluctant to have had any dealings with him. He appeared to be aware of every move the fox made, and check-mated him as readily as if Mr. Wiley and himself had been sitting down to a game of chess. To compare small things with great, the art of fox hunting may be likened to the art of war. The huntsman to a pack of foxhounds should possess an intimate knowledge of the nature and habits of his game, as a general should of the character of the enemy to whom he is opposed; but if the troops under the command of the latter were perpetually harrassed by marching and countermarchings without an obvious necessity, they would become dispirited, and lose that confidence in their leader which is so conducive to victory. The possession of knowledge is power, but the discretion to use that knowledge at the opportune moment is still of more consequence. The display of great talents in a huntsman is generally depreciating to his pack, and I should prefer a man of more moderate abilities, who would not be continually interfering with his hounds, in season and out of season. Every man may take a fair advantage of his fox, as occasions may arise, during the chase; but he should invariably bear in mind that it is the especial business of his hounds to hunt and kill their fox, and if they can do this without his assistance at all, so much the better will they be. By mobbing and hustling a fox, when first found, cutting corners, throwing the hounds in upon him, sending the whipper-in to ride him when he breaks with any few couples of hounds at hand, and many such manœuvres, ten out of a dozen foxes may be beaten off their line and killed. But this forms no part of the noble science. This is, as my Leicestershire friend very properly designated it, "rat catching, not fox hunting."

Although the first object is the death of the fox, without which no fun, however long, is accounted complete, yet we are not warranted in effecting this object except by legitimate means. In the first place, the fox should be fairly found, and let go fairly away, that is, if sport, not blood only, is your object; and he should also be allowed to break at any point he attempts. You may rattle after him then as hard as you can; it is now a trial of speed and power between fox and hounds. The play has commenced in earnest, and the huntsman is the prompter and looker on, ready to tender assistance, when the pack fail in their parts of the performance, but not otherwise. The first whipper-in has also a certain latitude and longitude to act in, and will shift the scene occasionally by getting forward to any well known head of earths to which the hunted fox may be running, or covert in perspective, where it is likely to change scents He may also, when hounds are at fault, go to a holloa, and it is always far preferable that this should be done by the whipper-in, not the huntsman. I never went to a holloa myself unless perfectly sure of the man who gave it, and not then unless beaten by want of scent, or convinced of the necessity of getting nearer to my fox; but, by sending forward the whipper-in, the huntsman me, in the meantime, be making all his ground sure, and holding the hounds on in the direction, without lifting them once off their noses. The scent sometimes will rise from a flock of sheep running after the fox, sometimes by a herd of cows coming in your way. The breath of the latter being equally destructive of scent, in these cases, the whipper-in will get forward quickly and clear the ground to the right or left. In large pastures or in winter, when cattle and sheep have the run of two or three fields in succession, they will run before the hounds, unless stopped and turned in another direction, and bother them most decidedly. Cattle are a greater nuisance upon these occasions than sheep, although I have seen the latter rush in upon the hounds, knocking them and themselves over, and creating all sorts of confusion. But half a score heifers, with a yearling colt or two and donkey, which generally keeps them company, play the very dickens with a pack of hounds when running with only a middling scent. We had once the misfortune to run through a gentleman's grounds, who had a small herd of Indian cows, which were confined in small paddocks, with strong posts and rails. The cattle became so excited with the cry of the hounds and rattling of the horses, that they joined issue and charged the fences like mad things, some jumping and others rolling over them, and one of our head riders cleared a cow, rails and all, at one swoop! The poor herdsman who had the care of these pets was almost crazy, but when a fine Brahmin bull broke loose from his paddock, he appeared to give it up in despair, wringing his hands and exclaiming, "Oh dear! Oh dear! and now the bull's out!"

Fortunately for us all the high park wall was soon approached, which proved a complete stopper to our Indian acquaintance's further progress, and the horsemen escaped through a narrow doorway, at which the herdsman posted himself, and did battle with the bull. We were running our fox in the direction of a large head of earths, to which it was Jem's especial business to put forward, as the were open, but the chase had been a severe one, of more than two hours' duration, hard at it all the time, and Jem was not to be seen. The hounds were running hard for their fox, but it was about even that he would reach the rocks before them. In this case I did Jem's business—left the hounds, and rode straight across to the place, and it was the meanest thing I ever did in my professional career, although in this instance I might have been out of order in leaving the hounds, which a huntsman should scarcely ever do; it was a case, however, of urgent necessity. I reached the earth just at he moment the fox did, and as he came dash down at it I took off my cap, hurled it at him, and knocked him over the mouth, just in the nick of time, as the hounds were close at his brush, and caught him in an instant afterwards. I do not record my own acts and deeds as examples always to be followed upon all occasions, but to illustrate what I apprehend to have been Beckford's meaning by a fair fox hunter and a foolish one, and I believe all professors of any eminence, both of the past and present times, would agree that I have only exemplified the text. We had been engaged with this fox for more than two hours, running and hunting him fairly, and had my hounds been accustomed to the nobbing and lifting system, I could not have ventured to leave them in the manner I did, entirely to themselves, while I rode forward to the earth, and a little *ruse* of this kind is allowable to finish the thing well off above ground. The subject of dew has occupied the attention of many professors of the noble science, as well as of those learned in other sciences, and many experiments have been tried to prove whether it ascends or descends, the result of which have been to demonstrate that it does both, although a late writer on fox hunting has endeavoured to support his view of the case by instancing the fact of the top rail of a gate being wet only, whilst the under part of the rail remained dry. Walking with a friend the other evening, a controversy arose between us on the subject, and he pointed to the drops standing on the top of the grass, as a proof of its descending; but on returning to a flower garden, I approached a rose tree, and by exhibiting both the lower and upper parts of the leaf equally wet, my friend was convinced, by ocular demonstration, that the dew ascended as well descended; and this is visible enough in hot weather, by the vapours which arise, like a thick mist, from low and marshy situations near a stream of water.

Cub hunting in the evening has been resorted to, by many masters of hounds in the past and the present times, but I have never known it practised generally; it may be very well occasionally, for idle and lazy men, who are reluctant to quit their beds at an early hour in the morning, but there are objections to it. There is no drag up to your fox to begin with. Scent does not improve towards night fall—all kinds of game are just on the move, and if dew is your object, this does not fall or rise until sunset, which in September and the latter end of August, will be about seven o'clock. There is therefore, a very short time for hunting before it becomes dark, and you may be owling about half the night, without catching a fox at last. There is no seeing, either, or knowing what your young hounds may be running after half the time. It is, I am well aware, rather a nuisance to turn out at three or four o'clock in the morning to go out hunting, and many a time, business; but those who would do justice to their hounds and the country they hunt, must be content to take the rough parts and the smooth alike. A huntsman should be trained early in life, or he will never take to it kindly, or persevere in it very long. Cub hunting early in the morning is anything but the most agreeable part of it, and breakfasting by candle light, is certainly not the most delightful mode of enjoying that meal. Early in life I did not much regard this getting up in the middle of the night, but when the novelty had worn off, and I became a benedict, it required rather more resolution to turn out on a cold raw morning from a comfortable bed. Jem's single knock at the door, was not now sufficient to rouse me from my slumbers. It had to be repeated three or four times. "Past three o'clock, Sir, and a very fine morning." "Very well Jem"---a turn round in bed, and I was soon snoozing away for another half hour---Jim guessed as much and was at me again. "Half past three o'clock, Sir, and morning just breaking." "Down directly, Jem." Morpheus still kept me so tight in his grasp that I could not yet shake him off for another half hour. Jem became now quite impatient "past four o'clock, Sir, and if you don't get up at once its no use going out at all, as there is every appearance of a very hot day." The prospect of a hot day settled the business; I was out at once, and, after sousing my head in a basin of cold water, shaving being out of the question, my toilet was hastily completed, or, rather, only half done, the remaining part being reserved until my return from hunting, which was usually between eight and nine, after having killed a brace of cubs.

Two mornings in the week were sufficient, at this time of the year, for this early work, and, after the first fortnight, I could indulge in a later nap. I do not consider it indispensable for a gentleman huntsman to slave at cub hunting, if it is very much against the grain, and he has a sensible first whipper-in, or kennel huntsman, to whom this breaking in of the young hounds may be entrusted; but as there are many objections to a whipper-in hunting the hounds, a kennel huntsman is a necessary appendage in an establishment of this description. There are many men, from age and too great weight, incapable of hunting a pack of hounds through the season efficiently, who are to be had for moderate wages, and, were I ever to become a master of fox-hounds again, I should decidedly employ a kennel huntsman in peference to allowing a whipper-in to hunt the hounds occasionally. It cannot, in my opinion, be satisfactorily done by a whipper-in, neither is it reasonable to expect that hounds should follow him cheerfully. The additional expense would be trifling, as a common laboring man, or a strong lad, could do the kennel work where a kennel huntsman is employed, and the whipper-in might fill the situation of head groom. Although I have heard of the case of the hounds being entrusted to the feeder only, where the master hunted them himself, yet there are few, if any, men of this description, (unless reduced from being huntsmen or whippers-in,) who have sufficient practical and scientific knowledge to keep a pack of hounds throughout the season in even condition. The feeder, moreover, unless he has an assistant, will not have leisure hours enough from his usual avocations during the day, particularly in the summer months, to give the hounds the exereise they require.

I have met with many clever and sensible men as feeders in large establishments, who were interested in everything that concerned the pack, but their particular sphere of action was confined to the boiling-house and kennel yards, although when the young hounds just come in from their walks, their attention was directed to these young hopes of the family in coaxing them to feed, and reconciling them to their new mode of life. Where a gentleman huntsman is not above, or too indolent to exercise the hounds himself during the vacation time, and chooses to superintend and direct all kennel operations, the most essential of which is feeding, a steady, sensible man as feeder, may answer his purpose; but in this case, upon emergencies, the hounds must be hunted by the first whipper-in. As various estimates have been made as to the expenses of a hunting establishment, it may not be amiss to give a rough estimate of the necessary outlay and annual disbursement of a two-day per week country, which I omitted when writing on the "Management of Hounds." Fees to keepers, earthstopping and such like extras are not included, as they vary so very much according to the district, that no one can form anything more than a wide guess as to their probable amount. The wages of servants are entirely irrespective of perquisites or field money, and therefore admit of modification where a sure income from these resources can be reckoned upon. The servants are allowed to be of first class, but the master's individual expenses are not included, as he is supposed to be a fox hunter, and would keep a stud for his own amusement. The calculation is made for a provincial country, where the master hunts his own hounds, and conducts the affair upon a liberal footing:

	£	s	d
1st whipper-in, £80; clothes and boots, £10 - -	90	0	0
2d whipper-in, £52; clothes and boots, £10 - -	62	0	0
Feeder - - - -	31	0	0
Food for thirty couples of hounds: Thirteen tons of oatmeal, at £12 per ton - -	150	0	0
Flesh - - - -	36	0	0
Fuel, 5s per week - -	12	0	0
Medicine for hounds -	10	0	0
Six horses: Seventy-eight quarters of oats, at 25s - -	96	0	0
Fifteen tons of hay, at £3 per ton - - -	45	0	0
Shoeing and medicine	19	0	0
Saddler - - - -	10	0	0
Helper in stable, 12s per week - - - -	31	0	0
Lad in stable, at 6s -	15	10	0
Tax upon hounds - -	36	0	0
Tax upon five servants	8	14	0
Tax upon six horses -	15	12	0
Sundries - - -	25	4	0
Total - - -	£700	0	0

In this calculation every item is put down on a fair scale. The wages of first whipper-in, are perhaps, high for some countries. Six horses and three couples of hounds are sufficient to hunt five days a fortnight; but in the number of horses, I include hacks for summer work. No hunter is worth keeping which cannot come out twice a week; and here each horse is allowed one day only. Two bushels of corn are allowed to every horse per week throughout the whole year, and hay also. To a gentleman who has a farm in hand the expenses will not run so high, and the general produce from the land will be raised in proportion to the nanure employed upon it from the stables and kennels. The bones, also from the boiling-house will be of very great service in prodceing root orops of heavy weight. For my own part, I consider a certain quantity of grass and arable land as a necessary appendage to a hunting establishment, if only sufficient to raise hay and corn for the horses. For this purpose it is necessary that the land should be of first-rate quality, for most light soils, by the aid of the stable and kennel manure, particularly the latter, will in two seasons produce more luxurant crops, both of oats and grass. It was the custom formerly in some large establishments to have the oatmeal prepared at home; and in dear seasons, I have made the experiment myself, and succeeded in having some capital meal manufactured by a neighbouring miller; but there is a good deal of trouble to be incurred, and not very much gained. The article, however, is genuine, and free from adulteration when home made, and that goes for something in these times of spurious compounds. I bought the heaviest oats I could find in the market. They were then slightly dried on a kiln to make their husks peel off more rapidly, and passed through a light pair of stones. They had then to be winnowed from the chaff, and very coarsely ground or crushed like Embden girts. The outlay for two days a week will comprise six horses, four hunters, at £50 each, for the servants, and two hacks, at £25 each—in all £250. I think these prices sufficient in a provencial country, and can only say that some of the best horses I ever possessed only cost me £25 each, and they were quite first-rate both as to size and breeding. Young horses of queerish tempers are often to be with at low prices, after being ridden one season by the whipper-in, will become valuable hunters. To *screws* I have great objection, and would never recommend them; they will scarcely ever improve and be abused by servants as well as ridiculed by your field. There must be expended also in the purchase of 50 couples of hounds about £150. Saddles, bridles, Rugs, &c, will cost about £35 more. So that the whole outlay, independent of the annual expenses, may be computed at £500, which will allow about £70 for the erection of a small kennel.—*Bell's Life in London.*

The Game of Chess.

Match between Harwitz and Lowenthal.

WHITE. Lowenthal.	BLACK. Harwitz.
1. K P 2	K P 2
2. K Kt to B 3	Q P 1
3. Q P 2	P x P
4. Q x P	K Kt to B 3
5. Q Kt to B 3	K B to K 2
6. Q B to K B 4	Castles
7. K B to Q B 4	Q R P 1
8. Q R P 2	Q Kt to B 3
9. Q to Q 2	Q B to K 3
10. K B to Q 3	K Kt to Q 2
11. Castles K R	K B P 1
12. Q B to K Kt 3	K Kt to K 4
13. B to K 2	K B P 1
14. P x P	Kt x Kt x
15. B x Kt	B x P
16. Kt to Q 5	K B to Kt 4
17. Q to Q B 3	Q to Q 2
18. K R P 2	K B to R 3
19. Q R to Q sq	K to R sq
20. K R to K sq	Q R to Q sq
21. Q Kt P 2	K R to B 2
22. Kt x Q B P	Q x Kt
23. R x P	Q to Q B sq
24. R x B	Kt to Q 5
25. R to Q 6	Kt x B x
26. P x Kt	Q R to K B sq
27. Q x Q	R x Q
28. Q B P 1	B to Q B 7
29. Q R P 1	B to Q R 5
30. R to K 3	B to Q B 3
31. Q R to Q 3	B to Q Kt 4
32. R to Q 4	B to B 3
33. B to K B 4	Q R to K B sq
34. B to Q 6	Q R to Q sq
35. P to K B 4	R to K B 3
36. B to K 5	R to Kt 3 x
37. K to B sq	R x R
38. B x R	K to Kt sq
39. R to K 7	K to B sq
40. R to Q B 7	B to K B 6
41. K to K sq	R to K Kt 5
42. P to K B 5	R x P
43. B x P x	K to Kt sq
44. B to Q 4	K R P 2
45. R to K Kt 7 x	K to B sq
46. P to K B 6	R to R 8 x
47. K to Q 2	B to Q 4
48. B to B 5 x	K to K sq
49. R to K 7 x	K to Q sq
50. B to Kt 6 x	K to B sq
51. P to K B 7	B x P
52. R x B, and wins.	

Duration, seven hours.

PEDESTRIANISM.

From late foreign journals received at this office.

Fourteen mile match.

JONES AND SMITH.—Old Smith of Ipswich, and James Jones of London, walked their exciting and interesting 14 mile match, for £25 a side, on Monday last, near the Green Dragon, South Mimms, Barnet. Both competitors were well up to the mark, and seemed determined to win, therefore a well and hard-contested match was the result. Jones is a smart young fellow, and trained himself at Deal, his native place. The Old-un, who is so well known for his "go-a-head" fair style of "long stretching," was also well prepared for the struggle. The betting was 6 to 4 on Jones at starting. They kept together for a mile and a half, when Jones gradually got away, and was 350 yards ahead at seven miles; here, however, he began to flag, which enabled Smith to come up to his young antagonist at ten and a half miles; but Jones made great exertions, and, after an admirable struggle succeeded in winning by seven or eight yards only. The match was well conducted, and gave much satisfaction, and we should like to see all affairs terminate in so gratifying a manner. The stakes are to be given to Jones at the Duke's Head, Hatton Garden, on Monday night. The seven miles was accomplished in 56 minutes and 30 seconds, and the whole distance completed in two hours and 25 seconds. They walked half a mile out and in, and the ground was half down hill and up. It was in bad order through the rain, but the men had it scraped.

Walking match,—eight hours a day.

WESTHALL AND YATES.—A match has been made between Charley Westhall of London and James Yates of Worcester, to walk eight hours per day for three successive days, to start at nine o'clock in the morning, and finish at five o'clock in the evening, for £25 a side. £1 a side is now down, and it is to be made into £5 a side on Monday next, and they are to walk at the Trent Bridge Ground, Nottingham, on December the 26th, 27th, and 28th.

Three mile match.

GILL AND JOHNSON.—On Tuesday, E. Gill and J. Johnson, (both of Sheffield,) met at Hyde Park, to walk three miles, for £10 a side, Gill giving his opponent fifty yards start, and fifty yards at the coming-in end. Johnson was the favorite for the first mile at two to one, at which point Gill, who had evidently been walking at his ease, put on the steam, and caught and passed his man when they had gone a little more than five laps. Johnson made a spurt below the house, and again took the lead to the bottom of the hill, where Gill made a tremendous rush, shot past his opponent, and finished the sixth lap forty yards in front. In the succeeding round Gill improved his position to at least seventy yards, when Johnson's backers persuaded him to run, which he frequently did during the remainder of the distance. Gill still pursued the "even tenor of his way," and went in first about six yards. The referee at once decided that Gill had fairly won, and was entitled to the stakes. We hear that the match was made for Gill to lose, but that he put the "double on." Gill says that if Johnson is not satisfied with his defeat he can have the same start again, or he will walk J. Levett, L. Furnies, W. Brown, or Hicks, from 20 to 50 miles, for £25 a side, or Yates his own distance.

Challenge to the World.

GALE'S CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD.—William Gale of London has left £20 with us to make a match with Richard Manks, the Warwickshire Antelope, Searles of Leeds, Yates, &c., if they will stake £100 to Gale's £70, to walk one mile every half hour, the man first breaking down to forfeit all claim to the stakes. Gale will give or take £3 for choice of ground, and the match to come off in a month's time. By sending a deposit of the like amount to us, articles can at once be entered into.

American Deer.

RICHARD CONWAY of Preston, who is now in London, will make a match to run either of the following men: Jackson, the American Deer, John Levett, or George Frost, four miles, for £25 a side; the race to come off near London, within six or eight weeks from the first deposit. If this should suit either of the above men, and articles, with £5 as the first deposit, are sent to the Editor of Bell's Life, Conway will cover and sign. The Editor of Bell's Life to be final stakeholder.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

LEE AND BECKERS.—On Monday several hundred spectators assembled on the shooting grounds at Hyde Park, Sheffield, to witness the match for £25 a side, between Mr. Stephen Lee, the celebrated crack shot from Doncaster, and Mr. Francis Becker's of Sheffield, at 25 birds each, 21 yards rise, five traps, placed 12 yards apart, 1¼ oz. of shot. Umpires having been chosen, Mr. Thos. Peacock, gamekeeper, from Wheatley Hall, consented to officiate as referee, Mr. Lee took his stand at the mark, ordered a trap to be pulled, he killed the bird, and Mr. Levi Ibbotson, Beckers's umpire, objected to the bird counting dead, on account of Mr. Lee not holding the gun down, and after some discussion it was agreed to let the bird count. Beckers then scored his bird, and Mr. Lee again shot and killed the bird, when Beckers's umpire once more appealed to Mr. Lee's umpire, who admitted that his (Mr. L.'s) gun was not down, and he must shoot at another bird, but this he positively refused to do unless Beckers allowed him to shoot with the gun in the same position as he shot at his other birds. A stormy altercation ensued, and ultimately the stakes were transferred to Mrs. Heathcote, to be deposited in the Sheffield bank until the decision of the Editor of Bell's Life be obtained as to whether the whole of the butt, or only a part of the butt, must be below the elbow until the bird is on the wing. [The arm should be down, and the butt below the elbow. The umpires having decided that the shooting was not fair, and Mr. Lee refusing to abide by their fiat, loses the match.—ED.]

A sweepstakes of 10s each, 4 birds each, 21 yards rise, 1¼ oz. of shot, double guns, the use of one barrel, allowed two yards, was shot for by Messrs. Durant, Thompson, Poodle, L. Fox, L. Ibbotson, M. Gregory, T. Ward, F. Beckers, P. Birks, R. Gregory, M. Woodcock, H. Brown, W. Froggatt, G. W. Wilson, and R. Cutts. Messrs. Durant, M. Gregory, H. Thompson, L. Fox, and W. Froggatt killed all and divided. Mr. Downs, a gentleman from Doncaster, also shot, and killed his first 3 birds, but had each time to put his gun down. On Mr. D. going on at his last bird he told his friend to pull, and the instant the words were uttered he put the gun to his shoulder, and as soon as the bird got up, he killed it. The referee at once said, "No shot," and another was ordered to be put into the trap for him, but for some time he refused to go on. At length his backers consented for him to have another bird, when he again put the gun to his shoulder, waited till the bird got up, and then killed it. The bird was, like the previous one, barred. Mr. D. then refused to shoot at another bird, and claimed a share of the money.

ANNUAL BALL

OF THE

Lorenzo B. Shepard Guard,

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Tickets $2.

WASHINGTON RYER, Chairman.
STEPHEN CORNELL, Secretary.

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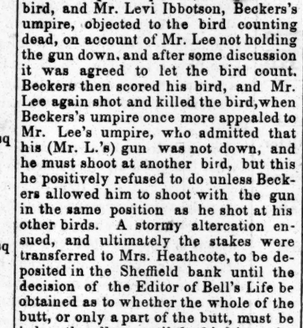

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